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Of

Mrs. W. A. Sherman

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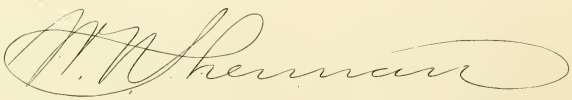

MEMORIES

OF

WILLIAM N. SHERMAN

BY HIS NEPHEW

REV. HARRIS R. GREENE

Press of J. J. Little & Co.
Astor Place, New York.

1837384

BORN FEB. 19, 1809.

DIED MARCH 2, 1882.

A Faithful Life.

"BE thou FAITHFUL unto Death, and I will give thee a CROWN of Life."

INTRODUCTION.

IFFERENT nations have different standards of human excellence. In the view of the ancients, and, at the present time, in the view of uncivilized races, the man to be honored is the man of physical strength and power. He who has the broadest shoulders; he who stands the tallest, and can with the greatest vigor draw the bow—he is the man to be esteemed; he is the hero.

Indeed, this criterion of excellence has prevailed more or less among civilized nations.

We are told that "Saul was a choice young man and a goodly; and there was not among the children of Israel a *goodlier person than he; from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people.*"

It was no small recommendation to Saul in the view of his countrymen with reference to the position of power he was to occupy that he was *head and shoulders taller* than any other man.

Among nations representing a higher type of civilization and refinement, the standard of excellence becomes one of *mental* power, *intellectual* genius. Such, in the main, is the standard in all civilized and enlightened countries to-day. The *great* man in Europe to-day is the man who is great in the military, the scientific, the literary, or the æsthetic world.

The great general, the great scientific discoverer, the great poet or historian, the great painter, sculptor, or actor, he is now, throughout Christendom, the man of fame, the man who is honored and worshipped, the man whose biography is sought and read—these are the kinds of men who are immortalized; these the men whose ashes are permitted a place in Westminster Abbey.

But the time is certainly coming when there will prevail still another standard of excellence. The time is coming, and is not far distant, when not physical stature and physical prowess, when not intellectual power and intellectual demonstration in whatever form, but when spiritual power and spiritual development and demonstration shall constitute and characterize the man who shall be called great. The truly great man is the man who is great in conformity with the principles of the New Testament, the man who is developed and complete in the realm of the spiritual as well as in the realm of the mental; and this kind of greatness will, by and by, when the world becomes better, find full recognition, even as now it finds partial recognition in Christian lands.

The life which we are about to notice briefly was, like many other lives of merit and value, quiet and unobtrusive. It made no figure in the command of armies; it was not conspicuous in the fields of science, of art, or of literature; it was not *great* as men count greatness; but, notwithstanding all this, it had in it elements of mental vigor, and espe-

cially elements of moral and spiritual power and beauty, which makes it, in these respects at least, a life well worthy to contemplate.

The life whose memoirs are here sketched exhibited, in some measure at least, in the lines above indicated, noble and worthy qualities of heart and soul. To bring these more freshly to the memory of friends and acquaintances is the object of these brief memoirs.

BIRTH AND FAMILY.

ILLIAM NORTHUP SHERMAN was born in North Kingston, R. I., February 19, 1809. His father was Nathaniel Sherman, also of North Kingston. He was a member of that family of Shermans now represented so conspicuously by Gen. W. T. Sherman, who in the War of the Rebellion was second in rank only to Gen. U. S. Grant ; by Senator Sherman of Ohio, one of the ablest men we have now in Congress ; by Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, probably the most influential man to-day in the United States Senate ; by William M. Evarts of New York, probably the strongest advocate at the bar in the metropolis, and at present a man of power in Congress ; and by Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, President of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.

SHERMAN COAT OF ARMS.—Complicated but very handsome.

Arms.—Sherman (London and Devonshire, descended from the Shermans of Yaxley, County Suffolk). When displayed or painted, the whole groundwork of the shield is gold color, with a lion rampant in the centre. The lion is *black* (an unusual color for a lion), and is surrounded by three green oak leaves. On its shoulder rests a ring.

Crest.—A sea lion sejant (or sitting) on a shield of two colors divided by a perpendicular line; one side is gold color, the other silver color. This sea lion has black spots upon it, and has fins of gold; the shoulder is a crescent moon. Motto: Conquer death by virtue.

The name of Sherman is by no means a common one in England, though it is an ancient, highly respected, and honored one. Sir Henry Sherman was one of the executors of the will of Lord Stanley, Earl of Derby, County of Lancaster, dated May 23, 1521. William Sherman, Esq., purchased Knightston in the time of Henry VIII. A monument to William Sherman is in Ottery, St. Mary, erected in 1542.

The pedigree of the Sherman family is obtained from Davy's manuscript collection relating to the County of Suffolk (England), deposited in the British Museum.*

Mr. Sherman's mother was Elizabeth Northup, the sister of Rev. William Northup, for half a century one of the most celebrated preachers in Southern Rhode Island. He was the founder of the First Baptist Church in North Kingston, and was its esteemed and honored pastor for a period of fifty-nine years. Few men, in any country, in any denomination, at any period, have held a pastorate so long. He was a man of large and commanding presence, as he was a man

* For these facts I am indebted to William Cothren, Esq., of Woodbury, Conn., who has written a history of the Sherman family in England and America.

of capacious and powerful mind. He was truly a moral and spiritual patriarch among the prophets of Israel. The church under his grand gospel ministry grew in strength and numbers through all these long years of his pastorate, enjoying in the course of them, in addition to their ordinary accessions constantly occurring, six revivals of great power.

Mr. Northup preached not science, not philosophy, and not literature, but the simple Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and "the people heard him gladly." He was a truly *converted* man, and he spoke "as the Holy Spirit gave him utterance." It is an interesting fact in his history that his first religious impressions were received from a slave in his father's family. Religion is the same wonderful thing in the hearts of all men, of whatever color, rank, or condition. Mr. Northup received through and from a poor black domestic that glorious spiritual energy and life which transformed his entire nature, and made him that great apostle of God he afterwards became.

After this wonderfully long and successful pastorate, he was gathered to his fathers at the ripe old age of seventy-nine, full of Christian graces, and full of honors, and meet for the Heavenly Kingdom. He commenced his ministry at twenty, and founded the church above referred to only two years later.

We have made this somewhat detailed reference to this celebrated man, for two or three special reasons: first, because he was the ever revered and

enerated namesake of Mr. Sherman; second, because he exerted ever a very decided influence over Mr. Sherman, not only during the boyhood and youth of the latter, but, as the writer believes, throughout his life; and third, because of one or two facts to be noted hereafter, which will be better understood and appreciated by this reference.

It will be seen, then, that Mr. Sherman was descended from an ancestry which represented some of the best blood in New England.

Education.—Nathaniel Sherman, the father of William N. Sherman, was a well-to-do New England farmer. The country schools in his time—seventy years ago—were not what they are now. Three months in the winter, and that usually under an indifferent teacher, was all the "schooling" the best privileged youth of those days ever received at home. These limited educational privileges did not satisfy the aspiring mind of young William. At an early age, therefore, he was sent to the Kingston Hill Academy, where the best of instruction was given, in the higher as well as the common English branches. Subsequently he was sent to another private school.

In these schools he evidently made the most of his now ample privileges, turning to good account every help to education that came in his way. The writer has examined with great pleasure and interest some of his school work of this time in the form of a complete transcript of the arithmetic he then used, together with a full and complete solution

of all the problems given therein. The beauty of the penmanship, the order and neatness of the work, the absolute excellence of the whole, from beginning to end, was very greatly to the credit of the pupil. Little things indicate character as truly as great things. The work of the child forecasts the work of the man. Here at once was an earnest of that order, system, care, neatness, and accuracy which characterized the journalist in his grander work in after years, and which, indeed, was so conspicuous in all that he undertook in whatever department of effort—physical, mental, or religious—in later life.

Educational institutions as such have no power, in *themselves*, to make the youths who are privileged to attend them *good* and *noble* men. Like many other things, thoroughly good in themselves considered, they may become a saver of life unto life, or of death unto death. The academy, like the college, either helps or harms, according as the student makes it a field for appropriating the good—literary, social, moral, and religious—that it yields ; or, on the other hand, makes it a place where, by associating with the low and the base, he absorbs only the vilest and basest moral and spiritual influences, and thus actually learning little or nothing of good, contracts life-long habits of laziness, license, and vice. So everything, in fact, in nature, in society, and in life becomes a blessing or a bane, according as men's native bent and affinities lead them to appropriate the good or to imbibe the evil.

Evidently Mr. Sherman found in the educational

and literary privileges of the Kingston Academy and the other private school following the same, the means of developing and unfolding his mental, moral and religious powers. Evidently his high-toned nature became here a grand absorbent of all that was useful, noble, and good, while it was utterly irresponsive to temptations and influences unhallowed and base.

A Teacher.—After leaving the Academy, Mr. Sherman for some years taught in the district schools in different parts of Washington County. We may be sure, from what we know of him in later life, that he had a model school for those days. As is the man, so is the school. Indeed, the man *is* the school. A man fond of order and system will have an orderly and systematic school. Such was he. So a man of refinement, of sensitive conscience, of a keen sense of justice, will impress all these beautiful sentiments more or less upon his pupils. Such a man was he. In his school, therefore, there must have been daily evidence of the influence upon his pupils of these noble principles. Above all, a man of Christian character will unconsciously induce in all around him, and especially the young, feelings and sentiments of reverence and devotion. Such a man was he, and his school, therefore, must have felt his power in this direction. Add to all this careful, correct, and thorough and methodical instruction, and you have the elements of all excellence in a school.

Learns Business Life.—But the vocation of the

teacher, especially in a sphere so circumscribed, promised little, either of money or of emolument, sixty years ago. Mr. Sherman, therefore, decided upon some other calling in life. Like the great majority of men, he did not yet know for what business or profession he was best fitted. This he must learn by slow experience, under the revealing power of the changing circumstances of life. For a time, with reference to a future business life, he became a clerk in a store in Newport, R. I. Afterwards he removed to Southbridge, Mass., and re-engaged in the same kind of business. Here it was that his mind began to assert itself, and to whisper to him that he could do better work than to pore over account books and handle the yardstick. He began to contribute occasional articles to the columns of newspapers published in that vicinity. Becoming encouraged by the reception which these maiden productions received, he began to plan for a larger and better field in this line of effort.

The "Ladies' Mirror."—In connection with Mr. George W. H. Fiske, he commenced the publication of the *Ladies' Mirror*, a literary paper issued every other Saturday. The circulation soon attained to the figure of about one thousand copies—a most flattering success, considering the comparative sparseness of the population in that part of the country. This enterprise he followed up most successfully for about four years, when he thought he could see something still better ahead.

Removal to Woonsocket.—The city of Woon-

socket was even then a most flourishing town. Mr. Sherman believed that this thriving manufacturing village promised success in the line of journalism in the near future. Accordingly in the year 1833 he bought, at an assignee's sale, the printing press on which the *Ladies' Mirror* had been previously printed. Loading the same with its complement of type and forms on a large team wagon, he started in person for Woonsocket. Arrived there, he immediately secured a room for an office, and on the 5th of October, 1833, published the first number of his new paper.

The "Woonsocket Patriot."—It required some business courage to start a weekly paper in the little town of Woonsocket, as it was more than fifty years ago. But Mr. Sherman had that virtue which always and everywhere is essential to success, viz.: *faith in himself. He felt* that *he could make* this new enterprise a success. He had already proved to himself, in his brief experience at journalism in Southbridge, that he could serve up, once a week at least, to the people of Woonsocket and vicinity, the news of the day, and also that kind of intellectual repast which they would appreciate and enjoy. In this he was not deceived. His paper soon became very popular; the subscription list became at once promising, and constantly increased. The *Woonsocket Patriot* soon became an organ of influence and of power, and that not only in the village itself, but far out into the adjoining counties, country, and State. For more than fifty years, and down to the present time,

this paper has been one of the leading journals of the State of Rhode Island, and has exerted an influence upon morals, politics, and religion of untold value. Starting as a six-column, four-page paper, it soon grew into an eight-page paper, and circulated more or less throughout the State, and to some extent in adjoining States.

Mr. Noah I. Arnold, an old resident of Rhode Island, in an article in the *Patriot*, copied from a Providence paper on "Woonsocket Reminiscences," says: "Returning my thoughts again to those days of forty years ago, I am not forgetful of the fact that the *Woonsocket Patriot* was then published, and at that time enjoyed the proud distinction that it does now, and, I trust, will for many years to come, of being *one of the ablest of New England newspapers.*"

Principle vs. Profit.—It is almost needless to say that this paper, while under the control of Mr. Sherman, was conducted upon the highest principles of justice, morality, and Christianity. As editor and proprietor, Mr. Sherman never permitted *apparent* immediate pecuniary interest to interfere with the claims of progress, reform, and religion.

"From one learn all." In its early days the course of the editor, in advocating the cause of temperance, became to quite a number of his subscribers a ground of offence. Accordingly, several at once sent in their names, and demanded that their paper be stopped forthwith. Quite probably these supporters of the rum traffic supposed, as small men are very apt to believe, that their influence thus ex-

erted would be potent in crippling, if it did not result in utterly destroying, this daring sheet.

It is a matter of infinite satisfaction to every true and good man in this world that amid all the wickedness, corruption, and iniquity of men there is always a large and powerful leavening of noble, moral, and even religious sentiment left. Mr. Sherman, not knowing how great the defection might be in the future, should he still continue his course of hostility towards the rum power, nevertheless still pursued his way fearlessly, and regardless of consequences. The unexpected result was that more than two hundred new subscribers were soon added to his list.

All men have a conscience; all men love the right, the true and the good, and hate the iniquitous, the false and the bad; and as a rule, all men, when vice is not *profitable* to themselves, throw the weight of their influence on the side of virtue and goodness. By its course of unflinching and steadfast advocacy of everything good and noble in reform, the *Patriot* strengthened constantly its hold upon the hearts of the community. It thus soon became known and recognized as a paper of high and noble aims and purposes.

Mr. Sherman continued to publish this paper for some nine or ten years, with ever-widening influence and ever-increasing circulation.

Job Printing.—As this was the only printing office in an enterprising and growing community, it soon became largely patronized for job work.

The proprietor had never served an apprenticeship at the business of job printing. But where there is a will there is always a way. He immediately set to work setting type, locking up forms, and working off his sheets by the power of a strong hand and a muscular arm. In a short time he made himself familiar with all the departments of work needful in this line, and was thus enabled to superintend and control the whole business, from the preparation of the manuscript to the carefully-printed page.

It was in this office that his nephew, the late Col. A. Crawford Greene, of Providence; John S. Sibley, of Pawtucket, and S. S. Foss, of Woonsocket, all of whom afterwards made their mark in the business world, were initiated into the "mystic" art. The first of the above, Col. A. C. Greene, was for more than thirty years a leading newspaper publisher, and probably the largest job printer in the State. Mr. Sibley was for many years, in company with another, the publisher of *The Gazette* and *Chronicle* in Pawtucket, and Mr. Foss succeeded Mr. Sherman in the proprietorship of *The Patriot*, which he continued to publish with marked ability for about forty years.

Marriage.—As before stated, Mr. Sherman located in Woonsocket in the year 1833. In 1834 he married Miss Mary M. Bliss, of Brimfield, Mass., in whom he found an educated, cultivated, and accomplished lady, in every way worthy to become his lifelong partner.

Miss Bliss was the daughter of Ichabod and Rebecca Holbrook Bliss. The Bliss family represented

an ancestry of honor and repute. The ancestral coat of arms consisted of a crest, representing an arm uplifted, with the hand grasping a bundle of arrows. (This device was commemorative of an act of prowess in the early history of the family).

Upon the shield beneath was a bend vaire (he beareth sable) between two fleur-de-lis. The motto of this heraldic or escutcheon emblem was "*Semper Sursum*"—"Ever Upward."

Miss Bliss's mother's name was Rebecca Choate Holbrook, the name *Choate* representing thus one branch of her family on her mother's side. Mrs. Sherman has to this day in her possession a large pewter platter (the silver of colonial days) upon which is engraven the "Coat of Arms" of the Choate family (an exact counterpart of this heraldic device can be seen under the head of "Crest" in Webster's Dictionary) used more than a century ago, perhaps two centuries, for this platter belonged to her grandmother, and her mother would have been one hundred and eleven years old if she had lived until the present time. She was a sister of Judge Holbrook of Connecticut, and a cousin of Rufus Choate, the eminent lawyer of Boston. Her grandmother, Rebecca Choate, of Roxbury, Mass., was married December 13, 1758, to John Holbrook of Pomfret, Conn., afterward Deacon Holbrook of the Congregational Church there. This platter bears the initials of her maiden name, "R" being engraved at the left of the crest, and "C" at the right. The motto is "Fortune De Guerre." It must have

become her property at the time she was a bride, or it belonged to some ancestor of the same name, and has been handed down as a family heirloom. What romantic associations do we fancy belonging to an article so ancient, whose historical life may extend to ages more remote than we even dream, but whose unknown antiquity is only an added charm to its value!

The Holbrook name appears frequently in history in connection with various public services. That they were an ancient family we find from a perusal of various records. I quote from one writer: "A beautiful triangular farm bordering on the Mashamoquet was purchased by John Holbrook, Sr., whose son, Ebenezer (Deacon John Holbrook's father), took possession of it in 1719. Holbrook's four hundred acres cost him as many pounds. One other farm purchased at that time cost more per acre, the others less, showing that the land and location were considered desirable. The old homestead (tradition says it was the first two-story house in town) is still standing, but modernized in appearance somewhat. The elm under which the first military company in Pomfret halted and had a lunch given them by the Holbrook family is now a venerable tree. The company was on the its way to Boston, 'the seat of war' during the Revolution."

The sequel, embracing a period of more than half a century, showed that Mr. Sherman had not made an unwise choice. Mrs. Sherman became at once a true helpmate in all his affairs, and, what was most impor-

tant of all, she at once fell into sympathy with him ; not in a mechanical or indifferent way, but conscientiously and enthusiastically, and this in all his religious and charitable aims and purposes, throughout the remainder of his life.

Failing Health.—The village of Woonsocket is a manufacturing town. The power employed was formerly almost entirely water-power. This involved the flooding of hundreds of acres of land. So large an expanse of fresh water produced an atmosphere not favorable to many constitutions. After about nine years of close application to business, Mr. Sherman found his health gradually but decidedly failing. This he attributed, in no small degree, to the dampness of the air, caused by the immense amount of evaporation from the extended fresh water overflows mentioned above. Whether it was this, or whether it was his close and unremitting application to his constantly-growing business, or whether it was both, it may not be easy to decide. He felt, at any rate, that his health, if not his life, depended upon his making a change. He was moreover strongly advised by his physicians to leave his business, to leave the village, and seek recreation and a complete change of life in all directions.

Accordingly he felt it imperative to give up his lucrative business, and find, if possible, some quiet retreat by the sea-side, where a change of air and a change of life might restore him again to health.

Removal to Wickford.—He had friends and acquaintances in the little quiet town of Wickford, in

the southern part of the State; thither, in 1843, he removed. By throwing off all care, by devoting himself to out-door recreations, his health began to return to him. As soon as it was measurably re-established, he accepted several offers of trust and responsibility, which were tendered him—duties which occupied his time, diverted his mind, and thus aided largely in building up again his worn and weakened physical constitution.

He held at different times, thus, the offices of notary public, counsellor at law, and sheriff, amusing himself in the intervals of active service in gardening and fishing, of both which he was very fond.

Fond of Fishing.—The writer has a vivid recollection of his extreme fondness for the piscatory art. However dignified in deportment on all proper occasions, the moment a fishing excursion was afoot he was as full of fun and frolic as a boy. And in this pastime he showed great skill and expertness. Full of life and enthusiasm himself, he seemed to have a kind of "*witching*" power over all the company who chanced to be with him.

It was ever a great pleasure to accompany him on these fishing excursions. There was usually at the start an undertone of apparent discouragement as to the result,—the weather was unfavorable, the wind was the wrong way, it was too cold or too hot, the bait was not of the right kind, the fishing ground had not been well chosen, the boat was too small or too large, the hooks too large or bad in form, and nothing would be accomplished. But

all this we knew to be only a kind of internal self-preparation against a possible failure, and at the first indications of success, as soon as a single fish was brought into the boat, instantly he became electrified himself, and infused the same spirit of exhilaration into all the company.

Tilt-up-ing.—There was one kind of fishing which he enjoyed remarkably. It was called from the nature of the process *tilt-up-ing*. It was a winter sport.

Some good fish-pond was selected, holes were cut through the ice, and baited hooks, attached by lines to short poles, were dropped down. The pole was so arranged, partly over the hole and partly lying outside on the ice, that when the fish bit, the long end would *tilt-up* and thus the angler would be made aware of the fact.

Conceive thus thirty or forty holes cut in a pond where fish are plenty, and where, it being winter, the fish are hungry; conceive your sportsman on skates and ready to glide at any moment to any portion of the pond covering several acres; conceive of bright, warm fires burning on the pond in a half-dozen different places; conceive now of hungry fish biting at these lines, and the poles bobbing up all over the pond, ready for you to make your haul, at a half-dozen different places at once, and, if you are at all fond of sport, you can understand how tilt-up-ing was a rare amusement.

Such it really was, as the writer can testify from personal experience, he having accompanied Mr. Sherman once or twice on these excursions. For

weeks and months, deprived of his favorite pastime in the usual method, he found rare and grand sport in this form of winter angling.

Dividing his time thus between business and amusement, neither of which taxed his strength, Mr. Sherman finally regained his health completely. He now felt like turning again to his favorite vocation of journalism. His old paper, *The Woonsocket Patriot*, however, he had sold to one of his former apprentices, Mr. S. S. Foss. This, therefore, even if so disposed, he could not now recover.

Removal to East Greenwich—"The Pendulum."—A paper called *The Kent County Atlas* had been established at Phenix, R. I., during the years 1850–1851 by Mr. I. H. Lincoln. It met with insufficient encouragement to warrant its continued publication in that town. Accordingly in 1852 it was removed to East Greenwich, R. I. There it was published for a year and a half with scarcely better success. The paper was now placed in the hands of some interested citizens, who were greatly desirous of its success, and who became bound financially for its further publication.

These gentlemen, knowing the rare fitness and ability of Mr. Sherman to manage such an enterprise, urgently solicited him to purchase the office, press, materials, etc., and start a newspaper of his own, making the best use he could of the subscription list of *The Atlas*. After a delay of some months Mr. Sherman finally decided to engage in this enterprise, and in May, 1854, he issued the first number

of his new paper, *The Rhode Island Pendulum.* Its imprint bore the names of Wickford and Greenwich as places of publication, while it was actually *printed*, first in Woonsocket, and afterwards in Providence, in the office of A. Crawford Greene, to whom allusion has been made above.

There was significance in the name of this paper, Mr. Sherman being accustomed to say, that his new paper was to "*swing*" between the two places of publication above named, and also "to swing for all." The *muscle-power* press which the proprietor had purchased, and on which the old *Atlas* had been published, was all well enough in *Atlas's* day, since he had an arm and shoulder which, as we are told in classic annals, lifted and supported the world it self. But now it was no longer *brawn* but *brain* that must lift the world, and so Mr. Sherman, calling into service the power of steam to take the place of brute force in operating the complex machinery of printing, chose to make his paper an ATLAS in *moral* and *mental vigor*, and *thus* to move and lift the world.

Mr. Sherman's name, appearing now as editor and proprietor, became at once the earnest of success. The number of subscribers immediately began to increase. It soon took a decided and influential stand among the journals of the State. Combining literature and story with local news, intelligent, fresh, and racy, it became, almost from the first issue, a favorite in the office, the shop, and especially in the family, where its influence was always

wholesome, high-toned, and elevating. Exceptional tact and taste was ever shown in its literary department, especially in the selection of its stories, one always appearing in every issue.

This paper he continued to publish for upwards of twenty-three years, or until October, 1877.

Retires from Business.—At this time, having come well-nigh up to the appointed term of human life, the three-score years and ten; having accumulated a sufficiently ample competence for a man of his moderate desires and economical habits; and feeling that now he had reached the quiet Sabbath of what had been an industrious and active life, he decided to cut loose from all business connections and devote what remained of life to literary and social diversions and delights, and to the accomplishment of what he could do for the cause of education, of morals, of religion, and the Church of Christ.

He accordingly sold out his paper, transferring it into the hands of a gentleman who has continued its publication down to the present time.

The publication of *The Pendulum* had, for more than a score of years, been by no means an irksome enterprise to Mr. Sherman. It had furnished him congenial employment, one more than any other in harmony with his natural inclinations. It had afforded him a channel for the free expression of his own personal convictions, on all questions of morals and reform; and thus had become to him a source of pleasure and satisfaction rather than a business care and burden.

Feeling that he could trust to no one the final arrangement and disposition of the various articles, and matter generally, to be published, and the "making up" of the completed forms, he himself was accustomed to go to the city of Providence every week, and give his personal attention to this business. He thus made himself acquainted with all the employees of the establishment, and by his pleasant social bearing and his never-failing good cheer, he soon became a general favorite with all. His periodical advent was thus always anticipated and welcomed, and soon, from the highest in position to the lowest—not in an unbecoming and graceless familiarity, but in real good-fellowship and kindly feeling—he was known and addressed as "Uncle William." Of course this method of address was first caught from the lips of the proprietor of the establishment, his nephew, who would naturally address him in this way.

Rose Cottage.—Up to this time Mr. Sherman had lived and entertained his friends in "his own *hired* house," not intending to purchase and thus fetter himself, until health, fully restored, should enable him to fix upon a permanent locality for residence. Feeling that he had now reached that point, in 1858 he purchased the beautiful cottage in Elm Street, opposite the Greenwich Academy, one of the finest residences and localities in the village.

We have often visited him at this place, and have always enjoyed exceedingly the external as well as the internal cheer and beauty of his home. The

house occupies a very elevated position, and commands a most delightful view of the adjacent bay, with its circling coves and its larger outer expanse, its wooded banks and fresh green islands.

Marriage of his Daughter.—Mr. Sherman had only one child, a daughter, Mary M. Sherman. She was educated mainly at East Greenwich Academy, where she passed through the prescribed curriculum, and graduated at the close of the course with valedictory honors. Subsequently, for the purpose of perfecting herself in special departments, she spent about a year at the Oread Collegiate Institute, Worcester, Mass., at that time one of the most popular and influential ladies' seminaries in New England.

In the year 1872 she was married to John A. Mead, M. D., a successful physician, and a solid citizen of Rutland, Vermont. This marriage took from "Rose Cottage" one of the chief attractions of their home, and after selling out business in Greenwich, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman spent much of their time at the residence of their daughter.

Mr. Sherman's Death.—It was here, while on a visit, that Mr. Sherman died, March 2, 1882, aged seventy-three years. For some months he had been far from well. For a number of weeks his malady, which was a complication of disorders, constantly increased. He found himself unable to go back to his home, and after a severe and most painful illness died thus, not in his own home, yet in the midst of his small, but loving and devoted family.

His sickness, protracted and painful, was endured throughout with Christian fortitude. He was, in truth, a patient sufferer, as he drew near the end of life, of which he was entirely conscious. He arose, not indeed, to any grand and ecstatic contemplations and visions of the future glories of the world which he was about to enter, but, what was perhaps better, he settled down into a calm, firm trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, as his only and all-sufficient Saviour, and in this holy, restful trust he never faltered or wavered to the moment of his departure.

He was remarkably thoughtful of everything pertaining to his funeral, and expressed freely his wishes and preferences in regard to all the arrangements for the same. Among other things, he made a special request that there should be no contributions of flowers, saying that the kind and affectionate feelings of his friends, shown in so pronounced a way during his protracted illness, were better far than the richest and rarest flowers that could be heaped about his senseless body in whatever wealth or profusion.

Funeral Services.—Accompanied by his immediate family, his remains were taken to his home in East Greenwich, where kind friends had made ready the house for their reception, and were waiting to receive them. They reached there Saturday afternoon, and on Monday following the funeral services were held at his late residence. The house was filled with relatives and mourning friends. A large number of citizens, embracing many of the prominent professional and business men of the village

and vicinity, were present, desirous of paying the last tribute of respect to one whom they had so long and so pleasantly known. In conformity with the request of Mr. Sherman, there were no elaborate floral decorations, except a handsome wreath of calla leaves and wheat, a sickle of wheat and myrtle, and a few other flowers that had been affectionately laid at the head of the casket. The Rev. Mr. Goodwin, Rector of St. Luke's Church, read portions of the Episcopal burial service. The hymn, "Asleep in Jesus," was then sweetly rendered by a quartet of voices, the music being by Prof. O. L. Carter, who presided at the organ. Prayer was now offered by Rev. W. J. Yates. Appropriate remarks were made by the Rev. F. J. Blakeslee, Principal of the Academy, whose attendance on this occasion had previously been requested by Mr. Sherman.

Professor Blakeslee spoke briefly. "Death," he said, "was that dread and mysterious experience to which no reach of Christian fortitude could ever reconcile us. A hope in Christ and the consolations of divine grace did in some measure solace us in the midst of bereavement. They gave promise of a bright and better life hereafter. Death, although a necessity to secure what was obtained by it, was yet by no means an unmixed evil. Its shadow was cold and chilling, but was cast across a golden portal which opened to the realms of endless joy."

Reference was made to the moral and religious life of the departed; to the influence which, through

the press and in numerous other ways, he had exerted ; to his having erected and supported a chapel for divine worship, and to his ever salutary example for good among his fellows. He spoke also of the sweet, peaceful, and trustful composure with which he approached the end, and finally lay down to his last sleep.

A few remarks were made by Mrs. Lydia Macomber, of the Society of Friends, after which was sung the sadly joyous hymn, "I Come to Thee." Mr. Yates, assisted by Professor Blakeslee, read the closing service, and then pronounced the benediction.

His appearance after death was most life-like. Looking upon his calm and peaceful face, one could easily feel that "he is not dead, but sleepeth." So placid and natural did he seem that one who had heard him often in religious meetings said : "It seems as if he could speak."

The remains, accompanied by immediate friends, were borne to Elm Grove Cemetery, near Wickford, and, in conformity with the wishes of Mr. Sherman, expressed before death, were deposited in the receiving tomb, to remain there for a few weeks before burial. At the tomb Mr. I. Capron, Chaplain of Harmony Lodge, of which he was a member, read the beautiful burial service of that organization.

Burial.—Subsequently (in the following May), in the presence of friends, his body was taken from the receiving tomb and placed in a receptacle of masonry which had been prepared with great care and excellence by his friend E. W. L., of Green-

wich. The Rev. J. F. Jones, Pastor of the Allenton Baptist Church, offered prayer at this, his last resting place. There his sacred ashes shall doubtless sleep until comes the resurrection dawn, when, as he firmly believed, he will be "clothed upon" with a body not of corruption, but of incorruption ; with a body sown indeed in dishonor, but to be raised in glory ; a body sown in weakness, but to be raised in power ; a body sown a natural body, but to be raised an immortal and spiritual body. It shall be an eternal temple for the indwelling soul, of grand and beautiful mould, of divine workmanship, of eternal duration, and fitted for an everlasting life in the world of light ; " a temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Brother, thou art gone to rest,
We will not weep for thee,
For thou art now where oft on earth
Thy spirit longed to be.

Brother, thou art gone to rest,
Thy toils and cares are o'er,
And sorrow, pain, and suffering now
Shall ne'er distress thee more.

Brother, thou art gone to rest,
And this shall be our prayer,
That when we reach our journey's end
Thy glory *we* may share.

Mr. Sherman's Character.

LET us turn away now from the tearful surroundings and associations of this freshly occupied grave, and contemplate for a few moments the character of him whose history we have briefly sketched.

Literary Turn of Mind.—In the first place, Mr. Sherman was a man of decided literary taste and bent of mind. This became evident in his boyhood and youth. He was not satisfied, as we have seen, with the acquisition of the common English branches, as taught in his day in the district school. He sought the academy, and subsequently another private school, in order to supplement what he had already learned by the acquisition of the higher and nobler truths of literary and scientific knowledge.

For a time engaged in business, as a clerk, his natural proclivities again asserted themselves, and we find him at the age of twenty-three the editor of *The Ladies' Mirror*, at Southbridge. We also find him here, on occasion, trying his hand at poetry, and thus furnishing the programme for Fourth of July celebrations of the town with odes and hymns. Later, several other poetic effusions fell from his pen.

Subsequently he devoted more than thirty years of his life, and that the very strength of his manhood,

1837384

to journalistic enterprise, his time being divided between the *Woonsocket Patriot*, about nine years, and *The Pendulum*, some twenty-three years. For a short time, also, he had charge of a campaign paper, Republican in politics, called the *Daily National Union*, and published in Providence.

As an Editor and Journalist.—Mr. Sherman was always decided and pronounced in his views and utterances. He thoroughly believed what he said, and fearlessly said what he believed. No man could possibly mistake his position. He was ever a strong and unswerving adherent and advocate of whatever is worthy and noble in morals; whatever is healthful and desirable in reform; whatever is high-toned and true in politics and in religion. He might lose subscribers, as he did at Woonsocket, by denouncing the rum traffic and upholding the cause of temperance, but it mattered not to him when the weal of humanity was at stake. As a young publisher, he needed every subscriber, but he felt that his greatest and most imperative need was a clean conscience, and a mind that would act without fear or favor for the right, the true, and the good.

Hence we find him throughout his long career in journalism ever and fearlessly, regardless of pecuniary gains or losses, promulgating what he honestly believed to be just, right, and true. His pen was ever and in the highest sense loyal to every reform, and to every movement which contemplated the uplifting and ennobling of men, whether in the realms of mind, morals, or religion.

A contemporary, speaking of *The Pendulum*, and Mr. Sherman's connection with the same, uses the following language :

" It is not many years since that the only newspaper taken by many families in our town was *The Rhode Island Pendulum*, 'swinging for all,' giving the local news each week, as well as the pith of the general news of the day. It was greeted on Friday evening as a dear old household friend. This was during its thriving days, under the care and editorship of its founder, the late William N. Sherman, who took great pride in the " swings " of *The Pendulum*, and labored to make it an honor to the profession. Under his guidance it contained the news, and not such portions as might tickle the fancy of some pet subscriber. When William N. Sherman published an article of news, no one could say to him as was said to one in ancient times, 'Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie, and to keep back part?' "

Mr. Sherman was never a *mechanical* writer. His compositions were always full of feeling and sentiment, and usually seasoned with enough of sensible humor and pleasantry to elicit and hold the attention of the reader, and to please as well as to instruct. He was himself exceedingly fond of both music and poetry, and these marked tastes of his usually left their impress, to a greater or less extent, in the way of vivacity and sentiment, on his productions.

One thing is especially worthy of note in connection with his newspaper life—nothing was ever permitted to appear in the columns of his paper,

whether in the line of advertisement or of reading matter, that was not perfectly unexceptionable on the score of propriety and purity. There was never an issue from his press that could not be read entire, advertisements and all, by all the members of the most high-toned, pure and virtuous family, without the least hesitancy or unpleasant feeling. In this regard, he furnished an example in journalism which some of even our religious papers would do well to follow.

Literary Associations.—We have said that Mr. Sherman was of a decided literary turn of mind. This, as we have seen, naturally led him into jour nalism. But this was not the only evidence of this strong bent in his intellectual composition. Fond of books, he had gathered together a large library. He was especially fond of history, biography, and above all of Biblical literature. With the latter, and with the Bible itself, he made himself most familiarly acquainted.

He was one of the original movers in the action which secured to the town of Greenwich a public library, and one of the contributors to the original establishment.

He was an honorary member of the Rhode Island Press Association. This association was not formed until after he had retired from active journalism, and hence he was precluded from being a regular member. At the annual meeting succeeding his decease a committee was appointed to draft a suitable memorial in recognition of the same, which was forwarded

to his family and placed upon the records of the society.

During his residence at Wickford the "Wickford Literary Association" was formed in 1853. Mr. Sherman was elected the first president, and held the office until he commenced business in East Greenwich, when he resigned. This society was composed of ladies and gentlemen from the different churches and societies, together with the clergymen of the village. It registered more than one hundred names.

He had been previously the president of a gentlemen and ladies' Literary Association in Woonsocket. He was elected an honorary member of the Phlognothian Society, a flourishing literary organization, in the East Greenwich Academy. He was also made an honorary member of the Rhode Island Press Association, in connection with Governor Anthony and other leading journalists of the State.

A Good Business Man.—Mr. Sherman had, in many ways, very superior business qualifications. He was very careful about expenditures; kept all his affairs snug and well in hand; was active, energetic, prompt and orderly. He was slow to make a new move, but when he had decided to make it, he threw himself into the enterprise with all his might, determined, at all hazards, to make it a success. He made few promises, but kept to the letter and to the time those that he did make. Men always knew where to find him.

A Providence gentleman, on reading several

newspaper notices after his death, remarked: "What! not one word about his business qualifications? Why, I think his executive ability as a business man very great. He was ever prompt, energetic and methodical."

PUBLIC-SPIRITED.—Mr. Sherman took a lively interest in whatever pertained to the public good. Any movement contemplating the intellectual, moral or spiritual elevation of the community was sure to engage his immediate attention and sympathy. He not only advocated all movements looking to progress and reform with his most willing pen, but he also *took hold of the actual work himself.* Thus he was one of the constituent members in the formation of the Free Public Library of East Greenwich, and himself donated one hundred bound volumes to the same.

In politics he was always on the side of law and order, temperance and freedom, justice and humanity, education, morals, and progress.

When the civil or Dorr war broke out in Rhode Island in 1842, contemplating the forcible overthrow of the legally constituted government, and of social and civil institutions as old and as venerable as the organization of the State, Mr. Sherman was quick to decide what was right, and what was his duty in the matter. Being himself incapacitated by ill-health to take his place in the law-and-order army, he voluntarily (no one was drafted) hired a man to take his place, paying him the regular day's wages he had before been receiving, and at the close of the rebel-

lion turning over to him the bounty granted by the State to all volunteers. He was never the man to preach to others and to do nothing himself.

" If to *do* were as easy as to know what were good to be done, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. *It is a good divine that follows his own instructions.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

Soon after the close of the State rebellion just mentioned, the ladies of Wickford, wishing to tender to the Independent Company of Wickford Volunteers some testimonial of their respect and appreciation, purchased an elegant flag, and invited Mr. Sherman to make the presentation at the following Fourth of July celebration, in their behalf. This he consented to do, and in a few choice and pertinent remarks made the presentation. Capt. Thomas of the Pioneers, in fitting terms, pleasantly responded.

He was ever decided and outspoken upon the great questions of the day. During the war of the slave-holders' rebellion, his age precluded him from becoming a member of the army, but his sympathies were strong, and his language unequivocal, bold, and outspoken in favor of the Union cause. No man could possibly misunderstand his position.

When President Grant visited General Burnside at Bristol, on the occasion of his visit to Rhode Island, Mr. Sherman received a special invitation to join the party and dine with them. This is mentioned simply to show that he was recognized as a man who had taken a deep interest in the affairs of the nation ; for he was invited, not simply as a compli-

ment to the *Rhode Island Pendulum*, but in recognition of his public spirit, and extensive influence in the world of politics and reform.

When President Hayes visited Rhode Island, in 1880, Mr. Sherman was invited to join the Presidential party, who were to have a grand dinner and speeches on the shore of Providence River. On introducing him, General Burnside, who was present, remarked, " This is one of our most substantial citizens." On such an occasion, and from the lips of such a man, this was no unmeaning tribute.

On all important public occasions, when anything important was to be done in his own town, Mr. Sherman was always thought of and assigned to some important place or duty. Thus in Fourth of July celebrations, on several occasions, he was represented on the programme in some honorable capacity. On the Fourth of July, 1876, the Centennial of the Nation's Independence was celebrated at East Greenwich with unusual demonstration. Mr. Sherman was chosen as the presiding officer of the day, and likewise contributed an original hymn for the occasion.

He was never ambitious of political distinction. A year or two before his death, the Republican Committee of the town urged him to accept the nomination for Chairman of the Town Council. He declined, and proposed the name of the man who was subsequently elected.

He served at different times as Public Notary, Justice of the Peace of the town of North Kingston,

Legal Counsellor and Sheriff. On legal questions he was often consulted, and his advice and counsel were always given gratuitously. He was also made Trial Justice, or Judge, in the town of East Greenwich, on his removal to that place, as we find by the following record, found among his papers:

"At a town council, holden in and for the town of East Greenwich, on Saturday, the 2d day of July, A.D. 1881, voted and declared that William N. Sherman be and he is hereby elected Trial Justice in and for said town.

"EDWARD STANHOPE,
"*Council Clerk.*"

AN ODD FELLOW.—Mr. Sherman had an especial admiration for the principles of Odd Fellowship, holding them in the highest regard. He therefore united with Harmony Lodge, No. 5, I. O. O. F., of East Greenwich. Of this organization he was chaplain for many years.

In December, 1881, while in Greenwich, feeling that he was drawing near to the end of life, he sent for a member of the lodge, to whom he gave directions with reference to the arrangement of his grave. He also named to him whom he would prefer as his bearers, viz.: Hon. R. P. Alexander, No. 6 Office Scarlet Number; S. A. Slocum, Past Grand; L. Aylesworth, Past Grand; E. M. Lowell, Past Grand. J. Capron, chaplain at the time of his funeral, read the beautiful burial service of this order at the tomb.

The following memorial resolutions were passed by a sister lodge in Rutland, Vermont, where he died:

"MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS.

"At a regular meeting of Killington Lodge, No. 29, of Odd Fellows, the following resolutions were adopted :

"WHEREAS, The death in our midst of Brother William N. Sherman, a member of Harmony Lodge, No. 5, in the jurisdiction of Rhode Island, makes it appropriate for us in our fraternal relations to extend our condolence to those who were so long associated with him and knew him in the bonds of friendship, love and truth, and to manifest our esteem for his useful and benevolent life ; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That in the death of Brother William N. Sherman the fraternity of Independent Order of Odd Fellows has lost a member whose religious and benevolent impulses led to the elevation and improvement of his fellow-men. A lover of his race, he provided instruction for the people ; a Christian, he remembered the needs of the poor and those seeking for a higher and better life ; a philanthropist and benefactor, he sought to relieve the downtrodden and distressed in the spirit of Odd Fellowship.

"*Resolved*, That Killington Lodge, No. 29, tender their sympathy and condolence with Harmony Lodge of East Greenwich, Rhode Island, on the decease of a brother who honored them by his membership, and they have reason to take great pride in his useful life and benevolent deeds, so expressive of the principles which are the groundwork of their order.

"*Resolved*, That the members of this lodge, appre-

ciating the kindly life and useful public services of their brother, and feeling a deep sense of the sorrowful affliction that has come to their household, extend to the devoted wife and to the family of John A. Mead, M. D., our fraternal sympathy in their great bereavement.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of this lodge, and a copy thereof be sent to the Harmony Lodge, and to the family of the deceased.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be published in the village newspapers, and in the *Guide*, of Albany, N. Y."

After Mr. Sherman's decease, Mrs. Sherman presented the lodge with his picture. The following, will further explain :

EAST GREENWICH, R. I., Dec. 14, 1883.

Mrs. W. N. Sherman.

DEAR MADAM : Complying with your request of the 10th inst., I last evening called at Miss Lawton's and received the picture of your respected husband and our late Brother Sherman. At a proper moment, during the lodge session, I advanced to the position usually occupied on such occasions, and after some appropriate remarks presented the lodge in your behalf with the portrait, etc. The same was unanimously received, and a vote of thanks tendered the donor, of which last I hereby inform you at the request of the secretary, who duly made record accordingly. A committee was appointed to hang the picture in some suitable position in the lodge rooms. Informing Mr. Kenyon of the occurrence, he has requested me to write a few lines for

publication in *The Pendulum*, which I have just complied with.

I have the honor to remain,

Very respectfully yours,

M. M. Reynolds.

A Temperance Man.—As was indicated on a previous page, Mr. Sherman was ever a strong and determined advocate of temperance. Publicly and privately he threw all the weight of his pen and of his influence on the side of strict temperance. But he had contracted a habit in his younger days which, though not generally regarded as in any degree incompatible with strict temperance principles, became to *him*, the more he dwelt upon it, a matter of annoyance and of self-irritation, as an injury to himself. Was the use of tobacco, strictly and in the highest sense, right, for a thorough temperance man and a Christian? Were smoking and chewing habits proper and fitting in one who was of necessity a constant example to the young? Was it not true that these habits not unfrequently led to the positive vices of drinking and dissipation? At any rate, did any good ever come out of them? Were they not, to say the least, more evil than good?

Questions like these arose in the mind of Mr. Sherman, after he had indulged in the use of tobacco for many years. But questions like these, once seriously entertained and considered, were with *him* raised to be settled *right*. He declared that this practice must cease. But a habit of years is not so easily dislodged. His first attempt failed. He tried

again and again ; the old and well intrenched indulgence conquered. He finally said to himself that here was a thing that ought to be done, and that now it should be done. He would be henceforth his own master. He now conquered, and for thirty years before his death he was untrammelled and free. "He that governeth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city," and he that "keeps his body under" is as great as he "that governeth his spirit."

Fond of Children.—Scarcely any one thing reveals more of one's character than the disposition one manifests towards children and youth. Mr. Sherman was very fond of children. This explains in no small degree his great interest and enthusiasm during all his life in the Sabbath-school. This love for little people he showed very decidedly on all occasions. When, in the autumn of 1876, he visited Mount Vernon, Va., he gathered from the ground a quantity of acorns. These he dispensed among the children of his mission Sabbath-school, giving every member of it at least one, and some many more ; at the same time he most thoughtfully took advantage of so fitting an occasion to talk to the children about the good and great Washington, who lay entombed in the place whence these nuts were brought. It is not necessary to say that lessons thus taught and thus enforced could not soon die out of the hearts of the little listeners.

Love begets love. Children have keen instincts. They are quick to see who love them, and as quick

to return the tender feeling. Children soon learned to love him. Says one who knew him intimately and well: "Little children were greatly attached to Mr. Sherman. During his sickness, several came to inquire about him, bringing him bouquets of flowers. This always touched and greatly delighted him."

On one occasion a company of children were telling one another what they were going to be when grown up. One, the son of Rev. Mr. Rouse, a former Rector of the Episcopal Church in Wickford, said: "Well, when I am a man I am going to be Mr. Sherman."

He was exceedingly attached to his little granddaughter, "Daisy." When he "fell asleep" and she was told that he would never waken again in this world, she ran for a book and laid it in his hands, that he might, as she said, pass his time pleasantly in reading while on his journey.

She was then only a little over three years old, but she often now recalls their warm mutual affection. It was to him a moment of supreme delight when first her baby lips called him "Bampa."

Fond of Music.—It is easy to understand how a person who is fond of children should also be fond of music, and of art, and indeed of nature, and of all things beautiful. All alike address the sensibilities, the tenderer, richer, sweeter faculties of the soul. Children, music, painting, statuary, flowers—they all alike belong to the same blessed category of objects which elicit the best emotions of the human soul! He who said, "Suffer little children to come

unto me and forbid them not," was also fond of *song*, and was accustomed in company with his disciples to *sing* the sweet psalms of David. "When they had sung a hymn they went out."

It was he also, who, in his sweet admiration of Nature and Nature's works, on one occasion cried out, "Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

There is a natural congruity between a fondness for music and a soft and kindly heart and disposition. "The man that hath not music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils. Let no such man be trusted."

Mr. Sherman was not only excessively fond of music, but he was accustomed himself not unfrequently to engage in the delightful exercise of singing, whether as pastime or as devotion. He was a good singer, and when he sang he seemed to be engaged to the very centre and core of his being. Singing, as an element of public worship, in the honor of God, was to him ever a peculiar and supreme delight. Singing the sweet songs of Israel, in the conference room, was also always a great solace and a joy.

One Sunday morning, during his sickness in Rutland, he remarked that he should like to hear the chapelites sing, referring to his mission church at home. He was told that the doors should be

opened to the parlor, that the piano should be opened, and that they would sing. This being done, he said to the nurse : "This is heavenly. It lifts me up." The next morning he remarked to Mrs. Sherman that he should be very glad if she and Mr. Reed (the nurse, who was a very fine singer,) would go to the parlor and sing again. Again he was thrilled with the delightful melody of sacred song. His spirit was borne aloft as on wings of holy triumph, and he expressed the thought that if another opportunity was ever offered him, he could dilate, from joyous experience, and as never before, on the grandeur and glory of the Christian's faith and the Christian's hope—the blessed inheritance of the saints of God.

Mr. Sherman was fond of instrumental as well as of vocal music. He keenly enjoyed the piano, and not unfrequently called for some piece of music at the skilful touch of his music-loving wife.

He was himself no indifferent player on the violin and the flute; and when the labor of the day was over, and he was at liberty to sit down at home in the quiet of the evening hour, he would accompany Mrs. Sherman on the piano with one of the above-mentioned instruments, entering into the performance with great zeal and enthusiasm.

Fond of Home.—Judge Sherman, of Providence, once remarked to a gentleman who was inquiring for Mr. Sherman : "If you wish to see William Sherman, you must look for him at his home. You will never find him lounging in stores, and at street cor-

ners, inquiring the news, and holding forth on political questions."

A gentleman, on reading the newspaper notices of him after his death, remarked : "And nothing about his happy family relations, which were so delightful!"

Having once learned that Mr. Sherman was a lover of art, music, and children, one can easily understand that he would be also a lover of *home*. Such he was, and as such he made it a point to make home pleasant and attractive. Everything in and about his home was neat, cleanly, and in good order. The grounds were ever nicely kept, the trees and shrubbery always well trimmed and cared for, and everywhere there was an air of order, nicety, and comfort. Within were papers and periodicals of all descriptions, and a large and well-filled library. Here, also, and sympathizing with him in all his labors—indeed, rather, may we say, an efficient co-laborer with him in all his benevolent, charitable, and religious enterprises—was the one spirit in whom of all earthly beings his soul most delighted. Here was his only child, who, educated and cultured, had in early life given herself to his own faith, his own church, and his own Lord and Saviour. Here, at evening and ready for his use, were his flute, and his violin, and his piano, with skilful fingers for its touch. Having made for himself such a home, it is not hard to understand that he should richly enjoy it.

This fondness for and appreciation of home explains the following remark of his companionable wife, who, speaking of his confinement to the house

by sickness, said: "The quiet companionship enjoyed during the weeks and months after he was confined to his room in Rutland will ever be cherished as sacred memories."

Mrs. Sherman had the entire care of him until about a month before his death. When he became too feeble to help himself, a nurse was called in to assist, Mrs. Sherman never leaving him for a single night.

A Vein of Humor.—There was a decided vein of *humor* in Mr. Sherman's character. It manifested itself constantly in his conversation and in his written productions, and added zest and sparkle to both. The popularity of his articles as a journalist was due in no small degree to this "Attic salt," which seasoned so largely all that he wrote.

Properly tempered by other mental forces, wit and humor are most valuable constituents of mind. Their presence has a constant leavening influence upon the dull routine of daily life, and infuses into the most dull and prosy features of it a certain positive relief and exhilaration. They add not a little to the pleasures of home and the fireside, and become thus most valuable constituents of character. These elements of soul were present in pleasant proportion in the make-up of Mr. Sherman.

A Christian Man.—Mr. Sherman was, through and through, a Christian man. He was converted at the early age of eleven. He was at this time attending the First Baptist Church of North Kingston, under the pastoral charge of his uncle, William Northup, to whom allusion has already been made.

He did not immediately unite with the church, thinking, perhaps, as so many persons do, that he was too young to commit himself to responsibilities so grave. He may also have felt it best to wait until some experience in life should convince him that he was truly a regenerated soul. He desired to be convinced of his true discipleship before he ventured to assert himself a member of Christ's visible body. However this may be, he evidently did not lose his youthful faith by waiting. As the years went on, his religion became to him a more profound and a more precious conviction. The germ of spiritual life implanted so early in his soul took root deeper and deeper, and its growth was constant and decided. Accordingly, in 1838, at the age of twenty-nine, he united with the First Baptist Church in Woonsocket. From this time to the day of his death he kept up his church connections with fervor and zeal wherever he happened to live.

Mr. Sherman's religion was not an empty profession. It was not a form. It was not a Sunday garb. It did not consist in going to church and listening to a sermon. It did not occupy and exhaust itself in discussing theological knots and Biblical difficulties. It was not an outside show to win confidence and respectability. Mr. Sherman's faith was a LIFE. It was a life that had rooted itself deep in his soul. It dwelt there. It absorbed the strength of his soul. When he took possession of it, it took possession of him, and ever held that possession firm and strong. By its vigorous life and growth it gradually stran-

gled the native vices of a sinful nature, while it itself gradually put out the buds and blossoms of the Christian graces and charities.

He was not bigoted, but tolerant of the religious views of others. He believed that there was true piety represented in all faiths. He loved indeed his own denomination, because he was a man of strong convictions, and he believed that the Baptist confession of faith most nearly represented the teachings of the New Testament. But while he loved especially his own particular form of faith, he fellowshipped and loved any and every soul in whom he could discern the spiritual lineaments of the Lord Jesus Christ. To him piety was better than profession, love than creed, and charity than church, and he who truly possessed these, in whatever fold of the Shepherd, won his esteem and his affection.

A religion that is a *life* is never inactive. It ever finds something to do. In a world of iniquity it finds the bad to reclaim ; in a world of intemperance it finds inebriates to reform ; in a world of ignorance it finds people to educate ; in a world of poverty it finds misery to relieve ; in a world of lost sinners it finds souls to save. Along all these lines, a true religion finds always and everywhere something to do. Seeing everywhere these pitiable scenes among men, the true Christian can never look on, an idle beholder. He must put forth a helping hand. Such did Mr. Sherman in all these directions.

" Pure religion and undefiled before God and the

Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

It will be seen, further on, what claims Mr. Sherman had to be regarded, under the above rule, as one who possessed "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father."

Bible Reading.—Mr. Sherman was a close student of the Bible. To him, from boyhood, the Bible was indeed the Book of Books. Naturally of a strong religious bent, he had, in early life, been deeply impressed by the preaching of his Uncle Northup, to whom reference has been made.

While at Wickford, and waiting for returning health, he read four entire volumes of the "*Comprehensive Commentary of the Bible.*" The volumes contain about one thousand pages each, and all the reading matter except the text itself is printed in small type. Conversant and familiar with the Scriptures himself, he greatly enjoyed conversation and discussion on sacred themes. He therefore sought the society of clergymen and religious teachers and thinkers. His house was often opened for the entertainment of ministers. Indeed, as one acquainted with the fact has said, "His house, from the time he commenced housekeeping until the day of his death, might well be called a minister's hotel, so frequently were clergymen entertained over night and at other times." One clergyman, an agent of the Bible Society, spent Sabbath day with him once each year, for twelve consecutive years. This man, as being

the representative of religious service, was always welcome, and more than welcome, and would have been if the twelve had continued to twelve times twelve.

These visits from men of God made red-letter days for him, because of his fondness for religious, theological, and Biblical discussions. He used to say that ministers always paid their way in the delightful conferences and conversations of which they were thus the occasion. Young clergymen, students from the colleges and theological seminaries, stopping with him over Sunday to preach at Marlboro' Chapel, often expressed themselves as pleased with an opportunity of conversing with one so thoroughly versed in a knowledge of the sacred writings. Some of the students, on leaving the neighboring academy, expressed their gratitude and obligation to him for the encouragement and assistance he had rendered them.

As the chapel was without a pastor, Mr. Sherman usually conducted the regular Wednesday evening prayer-meeting. For this service he made special preparation for the opening introductory remarks. These are said, by those who listened, to have been always of a most interesting and practical character. On one occasion, at the close of an evening meeting, Deacon P., who was present, remarked that "Mr. Sherman's appeal that evening was one of the strongest he ever heard."

Mr. Sherman was asked to be ordained as a deacon, but he declined to accede to this request.

Many people, however, seem to have been accustomed to think of him as a clergyman. A young man came to his house one day and inquired if *Elder* Sherman lived there. On being told that *Mr.* Sherman resided there, he seemed greatly surprised and perplexed, saying: "Why, isn't he a minister? Doesn't he preach sometimes? He conducts religious services occasionally, does he not?" And then, looking up, with eyes full of curiosity and mingled anxiety, he said: "Well, now, to whom shall I go? I desire to be married."

Kind to the Poor and the Suffering.—The suffering, the poor, and the needy found in him a ready and sympathizing friend. He often extended the hand of help and charity to the unfortunate. He frequently aided by material means those who were wishing but were unable to establish themselves in business.

Long will he be missed in the streets of East Greenwich, which so many years he made his home, and which in so many ways he benefited alike by private charities to its poor, and by public benefactions to its educational and religious institutions, contributing ever to its needs, and endeavoring to elevate its citizenship, alike with his pen and his purse, and in constant personal effort in scores of other methods.

Pleasant and inspiring memories are these of a noble and unselfish life; of a soul instinct with the needs and wants of humanity, and a disposition and a will ready ever to lend a helping hand. He evi-

dently felt the force of Edward Everett Hale's beautiful motto in *Ten Times Ten:*

> "Look up and not down,
> Look forward and not backward,
> And *lend a helping hand.*"

His charities were not of the kind which occur only on great occasions and then "blow a trumpet before them." But springing from a Christian life and Christian principle, from that fountain whence only and ever they spring in purity and in moral beauty, they found their way, quietly and without demonstration, flowing into those channels where it seemed to him they could accomplish the most of good.

Feeling, as the true Christian alone can feel, that he himself had been the subject of infinite charity, love, and grace in Christ's great redemption work for him; feeling that all he most prized on earth, and all that he most hoped for in the life beyond, was to him a pure gift of divine love and grace, his heart had been deeply and profoundly touched, and he desired to make some small return for all those infinite loving favors and blessings.

The Communion Service.—In this view we can easily understand how it was that the Communion service, that sacred ordinance which, more than any other known to the Church, commemorates the love, condescension, the self-denial, and the self-sacrifice of our Lord, was to him an occasion of inexpressible solemnity and sacredness, and of the most tender and profound devotional experiences. He ever seemed

to feel on these occasions that the Saviour was especially near to him. With him it was ever true during this memorial service, "As oft as ye do it, do it *in remembrance of me.*"

It was that remembrance deepened and intensified that gathered out of the streets children for the Sabbath-school, that instituted the "Shore meetings," that established the colored school at his own house, that built Marlboro' Chapel, that extended so often to the needy the hand of charity. "As oft as ye do it unto them, ye do it unto me."

The Sabbath Day.—The subject of these memoirs believed fully in the old New England Sabbath. He felt that the command of the old Mosaic Decalogue was still binding, and accordingly he felt it his duty to observe in all its fulness of meaning the command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." He was not superstitious. His good common sense could distinguish between faith and credulity, between religion and superstition. But the reading of the Bible to him was clear and explicit, that Sunday is "the Sabbath of the Lord," and that it was to be divided, severed completely in character and observance, from the other days of the week. All unnecessary work, all business, all recreation and amusement was now to be put aside. The day must be devoted to quiet, to religious or instructive secular reading, and to worship.

As an illustration of his regard for the Sabbath, the following incident is full of significance: When living in Wickford, a creditor of his, who owed him

a sum of money, came a journey of several miles on the Sabbath to make settlement. Mr. Sherman refused to accept the money, saying that there were other days in the week in which to settle accounts.

The Sabbath-school was a field of Christian labor in which Mr. Sherman took very great delight. Among the very first things he did on his removal to Woonsocket was to gather up out of the streets and the lanes of the village, "out of the highways and the hedges," the idle, outcast, Sabbath-breaking children roaming the streets listlessly, or in search of mischief, ragged wretches for whom, in their degradation and poverty, no one seemed to have any pity or sympathy. He looked upon these little vagabonds, unattractive, sometimes uncleanly, and sometimes even repulsive in their exterior, and looking deeper than upon the mere outside, he saw in them *minds* and *souls* made of the same material as his own—saw within their rough exteriors the germs of eternal being, germs of infinite worth, and capacities for infinite development—souls immortal; however buried now in external unsightliness and squalor, yet, after all, souls immortal, all the same, for whom Christ died.

Missionary Work.—He at once secured the use of a neighboring school-house, and so far as he was able he gathered therein and formed into a Sabbath-school these little neglected waifs, heretofore unknown and uncared for by the Church of Christ.

The school thus formed, he did not leave to the care of others, considering now his duty done. On

the contrary, calling in the aid and co-operation of his excellent mission-loving Christian wife, he carefully tended and nursed his charge until it grew into a strong organization of some three hundred members, embodying now all kinds and conditions of children and youth. This organization thus commenced was afterwards received under the protection, care and guardianship of the Baptist Church of Woonsocket, and continues to exist to-day, the flourishing Sabbath-school of that society.

This strong interest in the religious education of children, and especially of the neglected classes, continued to manifest itself most conspicuously in his character wherever he made his home. In Wickford, and afterwards at Greenwich, he showed the same intense interest in these directions.

Shore Meetings.—On one occasion, while in Greenwich, happening to go of a Sunday down to the wharves along the shore, and seeing there a listless company of men and boys smoking, playing, and in various ways desecrating the Sabbath, his sympathies were at once stirred within him as in Woonsocket before, and he began to cast about to see what could be done. He saw at once that many of them, being grown men, could not be induced to go within the circle of any Sabbath-school. He therefore decided that, inasmuch as he could not get them to come to him within the inclosure of the walls of church or chapel, he must go to them if he would do them any good. He accordingly instituted what were afterwards known as "The Shore

Meetings." To these outdoor gatherings large numbers of these low, rough people, old and young alike, came, and were thus brought for the first time in their life under Christian influences, and under the sound of direct Gospel preaching. Good was accomplished in these shore meetings. The good seed was scattered, and some, there and then, were induced to lead a nobler and better life ; but the full result, the complete harvest, can be known only when in the last day the "reapers shall be the angels."

Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Sherman not only worked himself, but he also secured the help of others, whose sympathies he was enabled to enlist in the good cause.

He was himself very effective in his method of reaching people, and in the presentation of religious truth. He was familiar with the Scriptures ; he believed them with all his heart ; he knew human nature, also, and how to bring the former to bear upon the latter. Of this fact the following little incident will serve as an illustration :

The Rev. Mr. Richardson, who was pastor of the Baptist Church in Rutland, and with whom he enjoyed a pleasant acquaintance, was accustomed to visit him. His first visit, which was during Mr. Sherman's sickness, was on Thursday afternoon, before the regular prayer-meeting of his church. He said to Mr. Sherman's daughter, "I took your father's remarks in the evening meeting and made them the topic for our evening service, and we had the best meeting that I ever attended. Even old

Deacon M., who has passed through many revivals, was melted to tears."

Colored Mission School. — Of his constant Christian sympathy for and interest in the poor and the neglected, there are abundant illustrations. In all this it should be noted that he ever found in Mrs. Sherman a most willing and enthusiastic helper. As they were united Christian copartners in faith, so also were they united and active copartners in every form of Christian and missionary work and labor. The writer remembers well the little gathering which used to occupy regularly, Sunday evenings, one or two rooms in the basement of Rose Cottage, for religious converse and instruction. It was composed entirely of colored people. It was most delightful to note their interest and enthusiasm in these religious exercises,—to hear them talk and testify, and then to hear them sing so grandly and feelingly, "making melody in their heart unto the Lord." These colored gatherings were productive of great good, and are, among these people, most gratefully remembered unto this day.

The following letter, read at the Baptist S. S. Convention, will further indicate the character, growth, and religious value of these colored Sabbath-school and conference gatherings.

To the Rhode Island Baptist Sabbath-school Convention, the Little Mission School and Bible Class of East Greenwich send greeting:

Christians: This little school was formed February 1, 1866, and has increased from 3 little col-

ored girls to 81 scholars. It is, and always has been, held in our own dwelling house, and was gathered in by and received only the care and instructions of Mrs. Sherman. She has labored in the cause with great zeal, and has had the real pleasure of seeing the Lord's work prosper among these humble ones under her untiring efforts.

In December, 1868, the writer, in connection with the school, in the same rooms, gathered a Bible class from the "highways and hedges" of our vicinity, a number of the class being contrabands. On this class book we have enrolled the names of 153 individuals—65 being the largest number present on any one Sabbath. From our 2 classes 9 of our number have united with different churches since the commencement of the present year—7 by baptism and 2 by experience. Others have desired the prayers of the class, and profess a love for the cause, and have their faces heavenward. We have men and women of talent in our class—persons of deep-toned piety—and this piety has often been beautifully exhibited at the close of our lessons by a transformation from a Bible class into a prayer-meeting. Many of these persons are contrabands, and they exert a good influence over their colored friends and others. Once a month the lesson is omitted and the time is spent in prayer and conference. We have also a service of praise for a half hour or more at the close of every evening's exercises. The singing is oftentimes heavenly. The notes of Canaan from the lips of these deeply devoted ones have the true spirit of

melody. The sacred old songs of the sunny South are often sung with a soul-stirring and happy effect.

Had we time to write, and the Convention time to listen, we could give scores of interesting and even thrilling facts connected with our classes, but as we are yet strangers to the State Sabbath School Convention, we will not claim an undue portion of its valuable time.

Perhaps, however, we ought to say that we circulate Sabbath-school and temperance papers freely. We feel that God is doing a good work through us. To Him and Him alone be all the glory.

In behalf of the Mission,

W. N. Sherman.

Marlboro' Chapel.—But what Mr. Sherman was accomplishing in these limited quarters, less systematically and successfully and permanently than from the nature of the case was his wish, he was now preparing to accomplish in another place much more to his satisfaction.

At his own expense, and at a cost of about $5,000, in a religiously neglected part of the town he now built a chapel, for the free worship of all, black or white, high or low, rich or poor, who might choose to come in. There, as soon as completed, he now instituted a Sabbath-school, with full equipment of teachers, library, etc. To this also was now transferred the Mission Sabbath-school of colored people, which for seven years had been accustomed to assemble at his own house. Here, mainly at his own

private expense, he instituted and sustained the regular preaching of the Gospel, from this time until the day of his death, a period of many years.

The chapel, capable of seating about three hundred persons, was well attended. Scores of souls were converted, and a church was formed. The character of the work and how it was blessed may be gathered from one or two simple incidents in connection with the same. A poor widow who had not been to church for over forty years was induced to attend these chapel meetings. She became interested, became anxious about herself, was converted, and developed into a consecrated and active Christian. Again, a man and his wife who had been intemperate, and had not been to church for twenty-four years, came to the chapel, and were converted. This new church is mentioned in the recently published history of the town. It was known as a Mission Church. There was no regular pastorate, but supplies were regularly secured from other churches, and from academies and colleges, of students preparing for the ministry. It was indeed, as its name indicates, a free church—as free in form of faith, if that faith was orthodox, as it was free in sittings ; consequently ministers of all evangelical denominations were welcomed to its pulpit. This freedom of religous belief was not permitted, however, to degenerate into license. Its membership was composed, as was right, of only those who believed and testified that they had experienced the *new birth*, and found full and com-

plete forgiveness of sins in the grace and mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It fell to the lot of the writer of these memoirs to conduct the pulpit exercises here on several occasions. It was to him always a most delightful task. The people were always orderly and attentive, and showed by look and manner that they had come to church for the purpose of true worship, and of receiving religious instruction.

Meetings have been sustained here for the greater part of the time since the decease of Mr. Sherman. During one year, under the preaching of a student from the academy, some twenty conversions were reported.

The following extract from a report to the Baptist Convention will indicate more fully what this church, an enterprise of Marboro Chapel, was and had been accomplishing.

"The tenth anniversary of our school was held Saturday evening, February 5, 1870. It was reported that over fifty families connected with the school since its commencement had removed from the town. Total number of baptisms in the school since its commencement, forty-two. Two of the members gathered in had not attended church for more than twenty years, and one for nearly forty years. Our oldest scholar is seventy-five years old. A beloved teacher, Mrs. Gracie D. Fish, died in March, in full hope of an abundant entrance into rest. Our last two concerts were held on Saturday evenings with large congregations, and we like it

better than on Sunday evenings, as it does not encroach upon our regular Sabbath worship. We have learned 'to labor and to wait.'" The largest number of scholars at one time at the mission school at the chapel was one hundred and eleven.

DAUGHTER'S CONVERSION.—He that giveth receiveth full measure, pressed down and running over. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Was it an illustration of this ever-beautiful and ever-true teaching of the Gospel of Christ, so faithfully preached in this newly erected chapel, now consecrated to the worship of God, that when doing for *others*, we are always most effectually doing for ourselves? Was it a most pleasant fulfilment of this Bible promise, that the only daughter of the founder of this religious charity was the very first to find and make her own in this very chapel that Christ whom her father had worshipped for so many years, and whom he now, with a yet more consecrated faith, was trying to honor and serve within these walls, which he had erected as a loving benefaction alike to the lowly poor and to his God? At any rate such a blessed fulfilment there was, and as the happy father now looked upon his only child and saw her in the freshness and fervor of youth consecrating her life to the same church, to the same faith, and to the same glorious cause for which he had been laboring for well-nigh fifty years, we may well believe that he felt that he had found a reward sufficient, yes, ample beyond the power of language to express, for all he had done and all he had expended in the past.

"He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and *will manifest myself unto him.*"

THE TRUEST HAPPINESS.—True it is beyond question that the highest and truest happiness comes from doing good. Not when we work for ourselves, but when we labor for others, are we most truly blessed. On the occasion of the opening of the chapel for public worship, Rev. Mr. Aldrich, who was present and took part in the services, remarked: "How heavenly Mr. Sherman has looked all day." Many others noted the same thing, while one Christian friend remarked to Mr. Sherman: "Well, brother, this is your coronation day, isn't it?" Yes, and that crown, a crown of unfading amaranth and gold he now wears, where now he lives, and loves, and serves as king and high priest in the eternal temple of his Father and his God.

NEWSPAPER NOTICES.—The following notices of Marlboro Chapel from the local papers will be of interest, in this connection:

[From the Providence *Journal.*]

OPENING OF MARLBORO STREET CHAPEL.—This new and beautiful edifice, built solely by the liberality of W. N. Sherman, of *The Pendulum*, was opened on last Sunday afternoon as a free church. The introductory prayer was offered by Rev. G. M. Alvord, of the Methodist Church, and the introductory sermon was preached by Rev. Justus Aldrich. The chapel was crowded with attentive hearers, and

also in the evening the house was packed. The whole congregation sang some of those good old tunes, and blessed words such as our fathers and mothers used to sing, accompanied by the sweet notes of a fine organ, the fruits of Mr. Sherman's liberality. The chapel is a very fine building, and under the control of its proprietor it will be not only an ornament, but a blessing to the town. The poor here have the Gospel preached to them.

[From the Providence *Golden Rule*, under date of August 16, 1873.]

THE FREE CHURCH AT GREENWICH.

Last Sabbath we were at Greenwich, R. I., and there we found a Free Church. At an expense of some $5,000, Mr. Sherman, of *The Pendulum*, about a year ago purchased a site and built upon it a church. Not far from it is his residence, and for nine months now by himself, together with Mrs. Sherman, his wife, has all the cares and responsibilities of even the menial labor of the same been looked after and met. They ring their own bell for services and pay all the bills of expense for them, whatever they may be.

In speaking of it they say it is a *Mission Church;* and the undertaking in the first place, as now, has been for the purpose of saving, if possible, those who are not much in the habit of attending the house of Divine worship, anywhere or at any time.

In looking over their town they found that there

were many who would be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing the word of God on Sunday, but, for reasons which they would not care to give to the world perhaps, they could not do so.

And so these noble-hearted Christians have taken the work in hand and prosecuted, with a zeal worthy of their high calling in Christ Jesus, the venture at a sacrifice and a cost.

Concerning the fruits of their labor, so far they are well satisfied that it has not been in vain. Many have at their little church found peace in believing.

Previous to starting the *mission*, however, they had made it a practice to gather in on Sabbath, into their own house and home, all such as would come to read and hear read the word of God. Here, too, they were constantly encouraged by new accessions into the fold of the Master's Kingdom.

In the evening we had the pleasure of telling in our own way the story of the Cross to a full house, and on Monday morning we came away deeply impressed with the value of such Christian souls, and such free churches for the people.

A Sabbath-school Superintendent.—Besides these private mission labors, Mr. Sherman was usually connected, generally in an official capacity, with the Sabbath-school of the church he was accustomed to attend. Thus he was superintendent of Sabbath-schools in three different towns in which he lived, serving thus in the aggregate for a period of about fifty years. His method of work was quiet and unobtrusive, but not the less effective and salutary.

He took great pains with his Sabbath-school concerts, to make them pleasing and profitable to the children, sometimes writing an original hymn or poem to be sung on these occasions. A gentleman from one of the village churches, on a certain occasion was present at one of his concerts, and expressed himself as greatly surprised and delighted at what he saw and heard. The secret of it all was easy to explain. A man who loved Sabbath-schools, and who loved children, and who loved the Lord Jesus, and who loved the Church of Christ, and who saw in the Sabbath-school the nursery of the Church —a man inspired by all these kindred loves, and willing to expend time, money, and labor to secure the end desired, could not fail to produce something beautiful and unusual in this line.

The following report, made by the minister of Marlboro Chapel to the Rhode Island Baptist Sabbath-school Convention, will enable the reader to get a still better conception of the nature and value of Mr. Sherman's Sabbath-school services.

"In making the annual report to the Convention, it is with deeply saddened hearts, for two reasons: First, because of the death of brother William N. Sherman, who was our highly esteemed and greatly beloved superintendent for more than seventeen years, and whose loss to the school is almost irreparable. Secondly, because his protracted illness and consequent absence from the school have caused a great decline in numbers and interest. Mr. Sher-

man was present in the school but once after the 1st of July, 1881. Some three or four different persons have assumed the position of superintendent, but, failing to sustain an interest, have become discouraged, and to-day we are without a regular superintendent. Brother Sherman, by his benevolent spirit, earnest Christian zeal and warm-hearted activities for the good of others, was an example worthy of imitation. He was an indefatigable superintendent and worker in the Sunday-school for more than fifty years. The Woonsocket Baptist School was founded by him in 1833.

"A. R. BRADBURY,
"*Minister of the Church.*"

After the reading of the above report the President of the Convention made remarks expressive of the long and valuable services of Mr. Sherman in the Sabbath-school field. In a previous Sunday-school Convention before his death, it was remarked that he had been a Sabbath-school superintendent more years than any other man in the Convention.

HIS REAL LIFE WORK.—And now, dear reader, what does this all mean? What is the significance of a life like that of him of whom we write, spent so largely in gathering together, and in instructing in the principles of morals and religion, the children and youth around him? Who shall estimate the amount of good he thus accomplished? Who shall tell how many of these youth, of all classes and conditions, white and colored, he may have re-

claimed from ways of wickedness and vice, from Sabbath breaking, profanity, and iniquity, and by bringing them into the Sabbath-school, and into the house of God, have brought them thus also, through the agency of these hallowed influences, into the straight and narrow way of eternal life? His long services as a public journalist were more conspicuous in the public eye; they won to him more of reputation and social power; they added largely to his pecuniary resources; in the view of men, they constituted what he had of success in life. But there are realms of power and of influence other than those of matter, men and money. There is a field where labor *tells*, not for the brief span of a life, not for the fleeting period of the quick-gone threescore and ten, but for the eternities of God! That realm is the field of immortal mind! That field, the field of the never-dying spirit! And in that field Mr. Sherman wrought grandly, long and well.

In this field he worked when in Woonsocket he gathered the poor, the ragged, and the uncared-for children of the village into the Sabbath-school, and taught them things grander, nobler, and better than they had ever conceived or thought of before. In this field he worked, when in Greenwich he instituted the wharf meetings, and taught the uncouth and unsightly frequenters of those haunts of vice—of all colors, and characters, and ages—taught these people about goodness, God, and heaven, and entreated them to enter upon new and better lives.

In this field he worked, when, in his own home, he opened a Sabbath-school for colored people expressly; when going out into the highways and hedges he compelled them to come in; when thus, with a beginning of three little colored girls, he and his worthy and sympathizing wife found themselves instructing a dark assembly of not less than eighty-one sons and daughters of ignorance and immorality and irreligion.

In this field he worked, when he built and supported at his own expense Marlboro Chapel, where on a large scale, and with ample accommodations, the poor of all classes, of all faiths, or of no faith, could worship without money and without price.

This, dear reader, was the real life-work of Mr. Sherman. Inconspicuous indeed, little regarded of men, but in truth, and as he now contemplates it in the realms of light, where all things are estimated at their real value, this was his substantial and enduring life labor. "For the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal."

Beautifully and truly writes Philip James Bailey:

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart throbs.
He lives longest who feels the noblest, acts the best."

And Longfellow sings grandly when he says:

"It is the heart and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth love's behest
Far excelleth all the rest."

"He liveth long who liveth well ;
All else is life but thrown away.
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day."

Last Sickness.—As has been noted on a previous page, Mr. Sherman's last sickness was painful and protracted. At times his suffering was exceedingly severe. All was endured, however, with Christian composure and without complaint.

He gave his wife explicit directions to express, personally, his gratitude to those who had been especially kind and thoughtful during his sickness, in Greenwich and in Rutland. So numerous were these material expressions of thoughtful remembrance that he said it almost paid for being sick to find so many friends who were willing and ready to assist, and to contribute so many nice things for his comfort—delicacies to tempt his appetite, rare and luscious fruit, flowers rich and beautiful. He remarked further, that he surely had been greatly favored in these regards, both in Greenwich and in Rutland. He was constantly manifesting his gratitude for the care and favors he received, and said on one occasion : "No one ever had better care, or even such good care."

About a week before his death he gave directions that a small gift be sent to a niece, who had been before overlooked when remembering others.

It is a matter of comparatively little importance, in itself considered, and yet, as showing the kindly relations he sustained to his ministerial brethren, it

is a matter, perhaps, worth noting, that during his last sickness he was called on by no less than fifteen different clergymen of different denominations. He was always exceedingly averse to all forms of external show and demonstration. In conformity with this disposition of his, he gave especial directions that his funeral and burial should be quietly conducted, without display of any kind. Aside from the mere physical aspects of death, in the form of sickness, suffering, and separation, he was accustomed to look upon it with composure and in conformity with the teachings of his faith. It was to *him*, not an "eternal sleep—nor indeed even a "temporary sleep," but a passage, as through a darkened chamber, to a realm of infinite beauty and glory.

To him, "there was no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever."

To him it was a place where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

In his views the words of the Lord Jesus were true, as true as the event of death itself was certain, and upon them his soul reposed in a sweet and blessed restfulness.

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me."

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it

were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, *I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.*"

It was in conformity with these uplifting Christian views, hopes, and feelings that he made the request that, when Professor Blakeslee should conduct his funeral services, if it was thought desirable to have any, he should speak to the *living* of *life's* great blessings—speak of the deep, the unspeakable significance of *this life*, rather than to make any reference to himself, or to dwell upon the sad and melancholy associations of bereavement and death.

Funeral Directions. — His life-long instincts, ever manifesting themselves in all things pertaining to the decencies and proprieties of life, continued with him to the last, and he gave explicit directions, in writing, as to the disposition of his remains after his decease. Just before he died he made mention of some business matters; then said: "I believe I have done all that is necessary." Thus all affairs relating to this life were cared for and completed.

Remembers his Friends.—To a large number of friends he sent gifts and messages—to "Father Mitchell," the blind centenarian, with whom he had enjoyed many hours of religious conference, and to others.

Near the close of his life, as the 17th chapter of St. John was being read to him, when the 24th verse was reached—"Father, I will that they also whom

thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me"—he said, "There is where I am to be." Then seeming to fear that he had spoken with too much assurance, he added, "There is where I hope to be."

And, feeling evidently that the end was near, he remarked, "Ma, I have reached Beulah Land."

Services at Rutland.—No *public* service was held at Dr. Mead's. The Rev. J. R. Richardson, pastor of the Baptist Church, offered prayer at five o'clock P.M., on Friday, preparatory to the removal of the remains next morning. There were a number present, being those who had especially kindly feelings toward Mr. Sherman, and were particularly thoughtful of him. This service seemed more like a family gathering for evening devotions than funeral obsequies.

His Favorite Hymn.—After the prayer, his favorite hymn was sung by two ladies, and most beautifully rendered:

I come to thee, I come to thee!
Thou precious Lamb who died for me;
I rest confiding in thy word,
And "cast my burden on the Lord."
I come to thee with all my grief,
Dear Saviour, help my unbelief;
Thy blessed name, my only plea,
With this, O Lord, I come to thee!

I come to thee, whose sovereign power
Can cheer me in the darkest hour;

I come to thee thro' storm and shade,
For thou hast said, "Be not afraid."
I come to thee with all my tears,
My pain and sorrow, doubt and fears;
Thou precious Lamb, who died for me,
I come to thee, I come to thee!

To thee my trembling spirit flies,
When faith grows weak and comfort dies,
I bow adoring at thy feet,
And hold with thee communion sweet.
O wondrous love! O joy divine!
To feel thee near and call thee mine!
Thou precious Lamb, who died for me,
I come to thee, I come to thee!

As was fitting, on the morning when his remains were taken from his home in Greenwich, the bells of Marlboro Chapel tolled the number of his earth-life years. These solemn strokes told of the cessation of a life as complete in years (73) as it had been in virtues.

Elm Grove Cemetery.—The place where he was laid is pleasantly laid out and ornamented, and owes its existence as a cemetery to him, he having initiated the movement which secured the lot in the years of his Wickford life.

He afterward became desirous that the corporation having charge of the cemetery should establish a perpetual fund, the interest of which should be used to keep the lots in good repair, and the whole in proper condition. This he proposed to the directors of the corporation, but though it was well approved, it was not accomplished. He mentioned

the matter again a short time before his death, regretting extremely that it had not been done. He was told that it should not be forgotten. In 1886, four years after his decease, the directors succeeded in securing a charter which empowered them to establish a fund for the object above named ; and now a sum of money, thus raised, is regularly expended in conformity with the expressed wishes of Mr. Sherman, the projector of this wise and excellent plan for keeping the cemetery in proper condition.

A Present to the old Church of his Boyhood.—Allusion was made above to the Allenton Baptist Church. This was the Old First Baptist Church of North Kingston, to which reference has already been made, and which was for so many years under the pastoral charge of Rev. William Northup, the uncle of Mr. Sherman. It was here that, in boyhood, he was accustomed to attend church in company with his parents, and it was here that he commenced the Christian life at the early age of eleven years, though he did not at this time unite himself with the church.

A short time before the close of his life he requested that the fine oil portrait of his uncle, whom he had ever most highly respected and revered, should be presented to this church, and hung upon the walls of the audience-room, should the church be pleased so to do. Accordingly this was done, and most fittingly the presentation was made by Mrs. Sherman, on the occasion of the centennial celebration of the church, November 12, 1882.

It was, altogether, a most interesting occasion. The following outline of the exercises, abbreviated from one of the local papers, will be of interest to the many friends of this church, as well as to the sorrowing members of the Sherman family :

"The First Baptist Church in North Kingston, established one hundred years ago, celebrated its centennial on Sunday. The service opened with an anthem song by a chorus choir—'Praise the Lord.' The sermon was preached by Rev. F. J. Jones, recently pastor of the church. His discourse was a sketch of the church since its organization, its history being the history of its founder and father, Rev. William Northup, who was a native of the vicinity, born in 1760. He served for a time in the War of the Revolution as drum-major, but when converted he went at once into the preaching of the Gospel. For fifty-nine years he was pastor of this church. Six revivals of much power were enjoyed in his ministry, bringing 400 persons into the church. He died in 1839 at the age of 79. The church was organized November 12, 1782. It began with 12 brethren and 20 sisters, converts of Mr. Northup. A short time afterwards, on the same day, a public recognition of the church, with the ordination of Mr. Northup, took place. The next Sunday Mr. Northup baptized 7.

"The first meeting-house was built in 1786. Another was built in 1846. In 1848 the present meeting-house was built. In 1870, the church being without a pastor, a great revival was enjoyed under

the labors of the Revs. J. Aldrich and Wheeler, neighboring pastors. In 1880 the Rev. F. J. Jones was ordained, under whose labors a revival was enjoyed and some forty members added. The church was constituted with 32 members. Its present membership is 184.

"When the discourse was finished, the portrait of Elder Northup, a remarkably fine one painted many years ago by Lincoln, was brought in and suspended in the rear of the pulpit. The venerable features were recognized by many of the older people in the audience. The portrait was then presented to the church by Mrs. W. N. Sherman, of East Greenwich, whose husband, William Northup Sherman, was the nephew of Elder Northup. The presentation was accompanied with a written note signifying that the gift was made in accordance with one of the last requests of her late husband, and in harmony with her own desire. Deacon J. Eldred responded in behalf of the church, in a brief and appropriate address. Mrs. Sherman appeared before the audience in deep mourning for her husband, and, with the assistance of Rev. J. Aldrich, exhibited several ancient books with quaint titles, which had been owned by Elder Northup, with other interesting relics, among them a manuscript sermon of the old preacher, faded and smoky, on the text, Jeremiah, xxxviii. 20: 'Obey, I beseech thee, the voice of the Lord, which I speak unto thee; so it shall be well unto thee, and thy soul shall live.' The volumes had a very old and smoky look. A hymn was sung, of which the two

last stanzas were "lined off," in the fashion of the first half century of the church. The hymn was, 'How did my heart rejoice to hear,' sung to Mear. The singing was as old-fashioned as the words and the tune. At this point a member was received into the church by the hand of fellowship. The service was closed with the doxology, and the benediction by the Rev. Dr. Smith. The administration of the Lord's Supper followed, the Revs. J. Aldrich and Dr. Smith assisting in the service.

"The choir sang another anthem, 'Crown Him Lord of All,' and the benediction closed the service.'

MEMORIAL CLOCK.—After the death of her husband, Mrs. Sherman, stricken down, as only those who have had a similar experience can tell, had the feeling that she would like to leave in East Greenwich, where for so many years Mr. Sherman had been so well known and so much esteemed, some appropriate reminder and memorial of his honored name. She accordingly decided to present the town with a memorial clock.

Nothing else, certainly, could have been more appropriate and fitting. Nothing else could be so constant and so perfect a reminder to the citizens of the village of him who had for so many years mingled with them in business, and had taken so deep an interest in all their affairs,—educational, beneficiary, reformatory, and religious.

Mrs. Sherman accordingly addressed a letter to the Town Clerk of East Greenwich, offering to present a clock, to be placed in some dome tower as a memorial of her late husband and to be known as the "Sherman Memorial Clock."

At the same meeting of the town council in 1883 this proposition was accepted, a vote of thanks passed, and a committee appointed to have the matter in charge. Of this committee Professor F. D. Blakeslee was chairman.

The following is the preamble and vote as passed by the council:

"*Whereas*, Mrs. Mary M. Sherman, of Rutland, in the State of Vermont, has at her own expense placed in the tower of the town hall of this town a very beautiful and valuable town clock to be known as the *Sherman Memorial Clock*, in memory of her late husband, William N. Sherman, for many years an honored citizen of East Greenwich, now deceased;

"It is therefore voted by the taxpayers in town meeting assembled that Mrs. Sherman is entitled to the gratitude and thanks of all the people of this town for her generous, costly, and valuable gift.

"And it is further voted that the town clerk be and he is hereby directed to transmit a copy of this preamble and vote to Mrs. Sherman.

"EDWARD STANHOPE."

In due time, June, 1886, the clock was finished and placed in the dome of the new town hall just completed.

The following from a Providence paper will be of interest in this connection.

"The Sherman memorial (town) clock is in its place in complete running order. It certainly is a thing of beauty, and appears to be perfect in mechanism. The clock itself is placed in a room built on purpose for it in the new town hall, some twenty feet below the bell and dial plates. By an ingenious yet simple construction of gearing, the hands of all four

dial plates are connected with the clock by one shaft. On front of the clock, as one enters the door, is seen the solid silver plate, bearing the following inscription :

In Memoriam.
Placed in position and presented to the town
of East Greenwich, R. I., June, 1886,
By
Mary M. Sherman,
In memory of her husband,
William Northup Sherman,
Who died March 2, 1882.

" The clock has two small dial plates, one with the minute and hour hands, the other with the second hand, and by an ingenious piece of mechanism the four dial plates in the tower above are set to a second by turning a small key which sets the two small dial plates upon the clock. The weight of the pendulum is about 125 pounds, the running weight about 100 pounds and the striking weight about 1,000 pounds. The latter raises the 40-pound hammer 8 inches. There is 100 feet of cord on the time weight, 200 on the striking weight. It has the Graham dead-beat escapement. It is an eight-day clock, will run two weeks without winding, though it is intended to be wound once a week. The running weight winds about 50 feet. The time weight is about 126. The town is to be congratulated, and Mrs. Sherman is entitled to a unanimous vote of thanks for the beautiful gift.

This clock has been heard to strike at Pine Hills, a distance of ten miles far away across the bay.

Conclusion.—Thus we have briefly narrated some few of the more salient points in the earth life of this good man. Early in life he "commenced doing good," and so, as the apostle Paul says, *sent on his works before* to meet him, when by and by he should pass on to the heavenly land. But now he has made the eternal passage, and the full harvest of his Christian labor is his, "and his works do follow him."

LETTERS.

Letters.

THE following letters,—one to himself, and others letters of condolence, some to his wife, and some to his daughter,—make many interesting references to his life and character.

(From Rev. Mr. Robbins to himself.)

CAPE NEDDICK, Nov. 4, 1879.

Dear Brother Sherman:

I take the liberty of sending to you a picture of a man who feels greatly indebted to you for the many expressions of kindness and good will which he has received from you. I need not enumerate these acts of kindness, but they have made an indelible impression on my heart and I want, in some way, to let you know it. The interest you took in my case during the days of darkness and sorrow which followed the resignation of my pastorate at Greenwich, and the soothing, comforting words which your wife addressed to me just before I entered the cars when I left for Boston, will never be forgotten by me. And the delightful meetings I enjoyed in your chapel I often remember with great pleasure, and with a feeling of regret that I cannot enjoy them again. I have no such meetings here. I have a good congregation to preach to on the Sabbath, and

our prayer and praise meetings in the evenings are well attended ; but I have to do most of the talking. The church being small, the number of workers is small. We have not such a hive of busy bees as you have at the chapel. The Lord bless you, Brother S., and your chapel work. We shall be happy to see you at any time, and also to hear from you by letter.

Fraternally,

GILBERT ROBBINS.

(From the Rev. J. Aldrich to Mrs. Sherman.)

Mrs. Wm. N. Sherman.

DEAR SISTER : As I was confined to my house, on the funeral occasion of your dear husband, and denied the privilege of mingling my tears of sympathy for you in common with your many friends. you will allow me to address to you a few words with my pen. I rejoice, that while you are passing through a very heavy sorrow, which nothing less than God's grace can reconcile you to bear patiently, you are not left to mourn as those who have no hope ; for your husband has not only died in the hope of a better resurrection, but has also left behind him, for your comfort, the record of a useful life. It is not my special office to eulogize the deceased ; and to you, who know so much better than I the various offices of honor which he has filled with all the details of his useful life, there is no need that I should rehearse his praise. His record is not only in Heaven, but it has been eloquently

chronicled by others on earth. But it is so pleasant to recall the deeds of our departed friends, that I cannot well forbear an allusion to a Sabbath which it was my privilege to spend at your house ten years ago last November. That beautiful day was made especially memorable to me by the Sunday-school service, held at mid-day, in a convenient apartment of your own house. I had seen your husband happy on other occasions, but never so happy as that day, when the poor and neglected people of the place flocked in, and gathered around him for Bible instruction. He seemed to feel that it was his special mission to provide for that class, and to be perfectly satisfied, as to compensation for his labor and expense, with the affectionate gratitude which they manifested on that occasion. The pleasing scenes of that Sunday-school session come to me to-day with almost as much freshness as if they had occurred but yesterday. My first surprise was that so large a number of that class which is so hard to interest in religious instruction had been drawn together in a private house, and that they all seemed so cheerful, and so much at home in the exercises of the school. The poor and illiterate of our larger towns are made to feel so keenly the contrast between their social condition and that of the ordinary congregation that gathers in our larger churches on the Sabbath, that when the few conscientious Christians do try, now and then, to bring them into the house of God, they succeed only in a very few cases. The instinctive de-

sire of the poor and wretched to receive sympathy or kindly attentions from their superiors—which is one of the hopeful features of fallen humanity—was happily realized that day in your cheerful and commodious home. I remember how I thanked God in my heart that He had provided at least one family and one home in East Greenwich to succor and elevate the poor and unfortunate. I cannot forget the grateful and satisfied expression which beamed with a beautiful radiance upon all their faces, as they participated in the exercises of that day. I had never before so fully appreciated the blessedness of ministering to God's *little* ones. I then and there felt somewhat, at least, the grave import of Christ's words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my disciples, ye have done it unto me." I remember how I was impressed that evening, in conducting the introductory services of Marlborough Street Chapel, to speak of that beautiful incident in the life of our Saviour which is recorded in Matt. xi. 4–6, making, in my discourse, a *special* point of the fact that in answering John the Baptist's inquiry, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" Jesus said to John's disciples: "Go, tell him the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them; and blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me." As I *then* said, "The Marlborough Street Mission must prove to the churches of East Greenwich its divine commission, to undertake

an *independent* work for the salvation of sinners, by *saving* them," so *now* I believe it *has* done this to the satisfaction of some of the best members of each of the churches. That many doubted the expediency of the mission, and others sincerely regretted its inauguration, shows nothing, *now* that it has proved the birth-place of souls ; but it is clearly evident that my departed brother was divinely directed to erect this chapel to God's service ; and I sincerely pray that God will provide wise and faithful men to carry on successfully in the future what your dear husband so well commenced. I am *sure* that he who consecrated his money so liberally, and gave his services with so much self-denial to this enterprise, while on earth, can but feel a *deeper* interest in its present and future success in saving souls, now that he knows their worth and the glorious rewards of Heaven. Regretting that I have extended these lines which I had designed to limit to a brief note to so long an epistle, praying that you may be divinely comforted and sustained in this hour of your great sorrow, I hasten to subscribe myself.

J. ALDRICH.

(From Mrs. Clement to Mrs. Mead.)

HARTFORD, March 8, 1882.

My dear Mrs. Mead :

I have just heard of your sad bereavement, and desire to assure you of my sincere sympathy. I have thought so much of you and your poor mother in your great loneliness which must follow

the loss of one to whom you were so constantly and devotedly attached. And your dear little daughter must miss so much the grandpa whose fondness for her was so remarkable.

But your faith in the promises of our blessed Saviour will surely bring comfort to your stricken hearts, and the memory of such a useful life is something to be thankful for.

Mrs. Parker unites with me in expressions of sympathy.

(From J. W. Miller to Mrs. Sherman.)

BELLEFONTE, PA., March 16, 1882.

Dear Mrs. Sherman:

As I read in the *Philadelphia Record* of a week ago last Saturday a despatch announcing the death of Mr. Sherman, both his own and your many kind words and acts came before me with increased force, and I felt a desire to express in some way my sympathy for you. And yet, I feel your grief is so sacred that I dare not break in upon it with my words. The music of nature may seem discordant and jarring to friends, and earth may be sorrowful; but only to that little immediate circle from which is taken the loved one does the broken chord appear and the voices of earth seem indeed to be harsh. At such times, grief shuts out our grosser selves, and conforms us insensibly to our God-natures. How we should cherish those feelings of love which are immortal! The sorrows of separation will multiply the joys of reunion, and we shall in the hereafter

bless the Father who permitted us to have affliction in time, only that we may more fully appreciate Heaven's pleasures in eternity.

Clara wrote me fuller with regard to your bereavement, and, since together we shared your kindness, we likewise may unite in asking our Heavenly Father to reveal unto you the deeper things of His love, and give you constant trust in the ultimate joyful meeting with your loved one in the land of Beulah. J. W. MILLER.

(From Miss Blakeslee to Mrs. Sherman.)

CORTLAND, N. Y., March 20, 1882.

Mrs. Sherman:

OUR DEAR FRIEND: I can add but little, for words at such a time are useless, but I wanted you to know that I was not unmindful of your great sorrow.

You do not sorrow without hope, I am sure, and Heaven grows very near us when it holds a dear one taken from our family.

If such notes as these pain you at present, wait and read them with more care later, and you may possibly be glad to know that they were prompted by sympathetic hearts. We shall all miss your husband.

"We wept—'twas *Nature* wept, but faith
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
And in yon world, so fair and bright,
Behold thee in refulgent light!
We miss thee here, yet *Faith* would rather
Know thou art with thy Heavenly Father.

Nature sees the body dead—
Faith beholds the spirit fled ;
Nature stops at Jordan's tide—
Faith beholds the other side ;
That but hears farewell, and sighs,
THIS, *thy welcome in the skies!*

Please accept my love and sympathy.

(From Miss C. S. Weeks to Mrs. Mead.)

NEW YORK, March 19, 1882.

My dear Mary :

I have just heard of the great sorrow which has recently come to you, and I cannot help writing a line to express my sympathy for your loss, though we have been so long separated as to be now almost strangers.

The years have doubtless brought many changes to us both, but none which seems to me sadder than that which robs you of your good father, whose kindly and genial nature I remember well. I count among the pleasantest memories of my girlhood the days which I spent in your household, which he as well as your dear mother and yourself did so much to render home-like to a homeless child.

I read of your father's death with so sincere a feeling of regret and so tender an appreciation of the sorrow that it must be to you, that I cannot refrain from giving expression to it, that you may be assured that whatever comfort may be derived from the cordial sympathy of your friends is at least yours.

Give my warmest love to your mother.

I remain with much affection and many kind remembrances,

Sincerely yours,

C. S. WEEKS.

(From S. M. Sherman to Mrs. Mead.)

JAMAICA PLAIN, March 29, 1882.

My dear Mrs. Mead:

I was very sorry to learn of your father's death. As a boy I was with him a good deal. He used to take me to ride with him very often. Some of my pleasantest recollections as a boy are associated with him. You have my deepest sympathy in your great loss.

Give my most affectionate regards to your mother. She was my Sunday-school teacher when I was a boy in Wickford. I have always cherished her memory as the first teacher who imparted to me when a boy my first knowledge of that Being whom now, as a man, I acknowledge with love and reverence and humility as my Master and Saviour.

Very sincerely yours,

S. M. SHERMAN.

(From Rev. Mr. Stetson to Mrs. Sherman.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April — , 1882.

No. 32 Gilmore Street.

Sister Sherman:

I hasten to do what I have been intending to do ever since the death of your dear and much respected husband. I know you feel sad and lonely since his

departure to the blessed spirit land. But the sweet recollections of the past, the life he lived, the earnest catholic spirit of loyalty to truth, the fervent spirit of love to Christ, the self-denial for the good of humanity, the constant, fervent spirit of prayer, the noble reaching forth after higher attainments, the manliness he maintained on every side, the sweet fragrance of love he threw around his earth home, and earth life, still remain. They are not dead. They still cheer and speak to you. Not only to you but to us all who were permitted to share his ever kindly greetings.

Many have been the pleasant hours I have spent at your Rose Cottage with your husband and yourself. Pleasing recollections they indeed are to me. How pleased I would be to repeat them, but that cannot be. I cannot mourn for Brother Sherman, for he has gone to that rest we used to talk about and pray for. Pleased would I be to meet him again as I used to and see his smiling face, but I must wait in that future hope through the *mercy* of Christ and the Father, God, of finding him in that happy land where disease and pain and sorrow and all tears are removed. I was surprised when I heard of his death, and I should have been present at his funeral had it been that circumstances favored. I thought I would write you and try to speak some word of comfort to you, and then I thought that I would wait till the first hours of sorrow had passed and the more lonely hour of secret sorrow had dropped its shadowing cloud over your spirit. But I trust as the

bright hope of the future world with all its happy reunions is pictured on your spirit, the light from glory is so strong that the shadows are quickly removed, and you are led to trust all to Him "who doeth all things." "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

I have heard nothing of your future arrangements, but presume you will be with your daughter.

What did he do with the chapel? Is it to be continued as a place of worship? I have enjoyed many a pleasant hour of worship in that place.

I hope you are enjoying a good degree of health and very much of the consolations of the Gospel of Christ.

From your brother in Christ, with Christian love.

(From Miss Mary Crane, daughter of Rev. S. A. Crane, D.D., who was rector of St. Luke's Church, Greenwich, for more than thirty years, to Mrs. Sherman.)

ROME, Italy, May 11, 1882.

My dear Mrs. Sherman:

I know that letters and words can only comfort those in sorrow as proofs that friends are sympathizing with them, and, therefore, though perfectly conscious that I cannot take one sorrow from your heart, I am going to send a few lines to tell you that though so far away I do not forget you and Mary in the bereavement to which you have been called in the loss of husband and father. I know, too, that

you know in whom you trust, and that He is willing and able to bring you comfort in this hour of trial, and that He only can. It is a sad break in the home when the head is taken, and you know how sadly we were called to feel this. I well remember your kindly sympathy when my dear father was taken from me. and afterward when my mother followed him, your kindness to me. In both these afflictions you were very kind, and I have many times said I wanted to write to you now and tell you you and Mary were not forgotten, though so far away. May God bless and comfort you both. For Mary it is less hard, as she has her own family about her, and no doubt you will go and be with her most of the time, but wherever you are the great blank in your future must ever follow you. But in your daughter's home and in her family you will find much to occupy and interest you, and in time, God's good angel of comfort which must soften our grief however great, you will find yourself looking more on the time of meeting and less back to earth and its sadness. In fact it will be but a short time before we shall all meet in that home where partings cannot come.

Indeed, dear Mrs. Sherman, were it not for the blessed hope in that world to come where the Saviour will be our light and our peace, what should we do in these hours? Oh, let us thank Him for the inestimable blessing of His love and all that He has done for us and our hopes for the future. May He bless and comfort you and yours in your hour of trial. Will you remember me most

kindly to Mary and accept for both my sincere sympathy in your bereavement.

Your very truly sympathizing friend,

MARY CRANE.

(From Miss R. H. Smiley to Mrs. Sherman, a preacher in the Society of Friends.)

LAKE MOHONK, March 31, 1882.

Dear Mrs. Sherman:

My thoughts often turn to thee with loving sympathy as I remember thee in thy loneliness, and I do pray that the "God of all comfort" may be very consciously near thee each moment.

He *alone* can fill the void that death has made and lift thy thoughts to that blessed home where the dear one gone before is "forever with the Lord."

That life seems more and more to me the *real* life, and I love to dwell upon it and think of the joy of those who have entered in. Only "a little while" and we, too, shall join with them in their songs of joy and triumph. As dear friends one by one are taken, I can but rejoice for them that the trials of earth are ended and they rest with Jesus.

I know there is the sorrow for those remaining—the daily missing the dear ones, but He knows all this and sympathizes with those who sorrow. I trust thou dost so enter into the joy of thy dear husband that thy own heart is uplifted with a blessed foretaste of the joy beyond.

Thy dear one is with Jesus now seeing Him face to face. Oh, what joy! satisfied forever! He has

seen it best to leave thee here a little longer to live for Him—to manifest forth the life of the Lord Jesus, and I do pray that thou mayest realize day by day that the Lord Jesus is a blessed reality, and that thou mayest be a living witness of His love and supporting grace, and be anew set apart for Him.

"Set apart for Jesus,
Is not this enough?
Though the desert prospect
Opens wild and rough?
Set apart for His delight,
Chosen for His holy pleasure,
Sealed to be His special treasure!
Could we choose a noble joy,
And would we if we might?"

And then the blessedness of being set apart to *serve* Him. May we delight to do His will, giving Him a joyful service with praise.

May the Lord bless and comfort thee.

Lovingly thy friend,

R. H. SMILEY.

(Extracts from Mrs. C. W. Ray, D.D., to Mrs. Mead.)

3214 HAVERFORD ST.,
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

My dear Mary:

In your family there have been sad ravages. Death has been there—rather the dear departed has been promoted to a nobler immortal career, his mortal life was well rounded—everything finished. Blessed rest in paradise, after so much labor.

Give much love to your dear mother and say to her that in my heart of hearts I have sympathized with her in her great loss--with yourself too, but you have your husband and child, while she is quite alone.

Several friends sent me papers containing sketches concerning the life and labors of your father, which have been of much interest to me. It seems to me that his was a finished life. He was able to accomplish so much good in the Master's cause, and had such a long life in which to labor. Grateful is the memory of such.

MRS. C. W. RAY.

(Extracts from Rev. Gilbert Robbins to Mrs. Sherman. Mr. R. remarked to Mrs. Sherman as he left E. Greenwich for another field, "You have done for me more than any other one here unless it be Mrs. V." He lived in Mrs. V.'s house.)

CAPE NEDDICH, March.

Dear Mrs. Sherman :

Most sincerely do I sympathize with you in your bereavement. May you find the grace of God sufficient to sustain you under it. I feel that in the death of your husband I have lost a friend ; for during my ten years' residence in Greenwich I always regarded him in that light. One of the pleasantest trips of my life I owe to him. I refer to the trip I made with him to Washington, several years ago, when our missionary anniversaries were held there. He generously furnished me with the means of going and returning, and, indeed, of defraying all the ex-

penses of the journey. And I remember with pleasure how I went with him down the Potomac to Mt. Vernon and visited the tomb of the immortal Washington. Oh, what thrilling emotions we had as we stood together gazing upon that sacred tomb! It was an event to be remembered for a life-time. And I never think of it without feeling grateful to the man who gave me the opportunity of doing it. I should not have enjoyed that privilege had it not been for the kindness of Brother Sherman. And that is not the only occasion on which I was the recipient of his benefactions. I think, with pleasure, of the kind attentions I received from him during the trials through which I passed in some of the last months I lived in Greenwich. And I remember the words of sympathy uttered by you, dear sister, just as I left the village in the cars for Boston.

The good Lord reward you for your good wishes and words, and may you be supported by his precious promises now that you are left alone. Many will lament the departure of your husband as well as yourself. The worshippers in the chapel will sadly miss the man to whose Christian liberality they are indebted for that pleasant place of worship. But you must remember, and so must they, that the builder and owner of that chapel has entered that "house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." He has gone where, often on earth, his spirit longed to be, and we shall all soon follow him. Mrs. R. sends her love and kindest sympathy.

GILBERT ROBBINS.

(Extracts from Mrs. Asenath C. Green, for more than twenty years a missionary in the Sandwich Islands, to Mrs. Sherman.)

MAKAWAS, S. I., Jan. 24, '84.

Very dear Mrs. Sherman :

I take a note sheet this morning to fully assure you that a well-covered letter was mailed for Greenwich long, long ago, taking my love and sympathy to a cherished friend ; perhaps had I directed to Mrs. Wm. N., instead of M. B., you would have received it.

Your dear daughter Mary is located in the "Green Mountain State," making a home for herself. I think of it as the place of her devoted father's last weariness and pain, *from* which his spirit took flight to an abode of rest and unending bliss. How truly it may be said of him, he lived not for self but others ! My delightful visits at your pleasant Wickford home are oases in my memory.

With much love to yourself and friends, I am ever yours,

MRS. ASENATH C. GREEN.

Memorial Sermon.

Memorial Sermon.

THE Sabbath succeeding his burial, March 19, 1882, a memorial service was arranged and conducted by the Rev. Mr. Bradbury, of Providence, in Marlboro Chapel, East Greenwich. The following selections from this sermon will be read with interest:

Text, Ps. cxii. 6: "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." The last clause.

The Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, separates the human race into two large divisions. It names them the righteous and the wicked; the saint and the sinner; the believer and the unbeliever.

It represents them as serving two masters, the righteous serving God the Father, Christ Jesus, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, the Great Comforter; the wicked serving Satan, who, for sixty centuries, has been trying to rob God of his glory, and men of their souls.

The Bible also represents them as walking different ways—the righteous walking in a straight, narrow, sun-lit, star-paved way; the wicked in a broad, easy, sliding-along way.

They meet with opposite deaths. The righteous often triumph in death, shouting, "O, death, where is thy sting?" The wicked are driven away in their wickedness, without hope and without God.

The Bible goes still further. St. Matthew, in the

25th chapter, from the 31st verse to the close of the chapter in his gospel, gives a graphic, glowing description of the august scenes of the General Judgment, when, for the first and last time, the whole human race were ever together, or ever will be.

My theme is the character and destiny of the righteous. We remark in describing their character :

1. You may know the righteous, for they are right in their thoughts, meditations, plans, purposes, and motives. Their chief motives are to glorify God and do good. They can well remember when their motives were not good. But now they are. How true this was of our dear departed Brother Sherman. His aims and motives, from a little boy, were to glorify God and build up his cause.

2. You may know the righteous, for they are right at heart, right in their affections. They love God supremely, and try to love their neighbors as themselves. How true this was of our dear brother!

3. You may know the righteous, for they are right in the words which drop from their lips. They are like honey and the honeycomb. Oh, what sweet, heavenly words have dropped from our beloved brother's lips in this chapel, ever since it was built! Oh, how fresh in our memory are the heavenly exhortations in praise, prayer, and conference meetings, when his whole soul was drawn out in agonies for the conversion of sinners. They even now seem to ring in our ears. While memory remains, they will remain.

4. You may know the righteous, for they are right in their doings. The deeds of their hands are like their words—useful, beneficial. Like their Master, they go about doing good. How true this was of Brother Sherman. See the work of his hands in this beautiful house of worship.

5. You may know the righteous, for they are right in their views of the atonement; of the plan of salvation; of the redemptive scheme of mercy through the Crucified. You remember, my hearers, how clear our dear brother's views were of the way of life and salvation. Very seldom do we find even ministers who can grasp these weighty truths better than Brother Sherman did, or who could expound and explain better than he could!

6. You may know the righteous, for they are right on the great benevolent institutions of the day, such as missions, temperance, Sabbath-schools, and anti-slavery. On these institutions, without an exception, our esteemed and dearly beloved brother, from a boy, took a right stand. He embraced them, brought them home to his bosom, and worked for them with an undying zeal. For all of them his ardor never waned. When the State had the prohibitory law, he thought we now had a panacea for the horrible ills of intemperance. We could now demolish the gigantic crime of crimes, and destroy the sum of all villainies. And oh, how grieved he was when the prohibitory law was abolished. His heart seemed to sink within him.

And he was an earnest friend and zealous worker

in Sabbath-schools. When he lived in Woonsocket, and was proprietor and editor of *The Woonsocket Patriot*, he found time to go out into the lanes and byways and collect together the ragged, dirty, filthy, vicious children in the school-house, taught them the way of life and salvation, and led them to "the lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

And how he rejoiced when the chains fell off from the millions of slaves in our otherwise happy land! And when the contrabands came to East Greenwich, he took some twelve or fifteen of them into his house, taught them to love and serve God, and, that they might feel more at home, purchased the lot on which this beautiful chapel stands, built the chapel, put in a large organ for the public services, a small one for social meetings and the Sabbath-school, at the cost of several thousand dollars. And for some eight or ten years he has seen the salvation of God in the conversion of sinners.

II. It remains to speak of the destiny of the righteous. For they shall be in everlasting remembrance. We observe, then :

1. To be in everlasting remembrance is to be eternally in the mind of God Almighty. As He is omnipresent and omniscient, it follows that He will hold the righteous eternally in His memory. It is impossible that they should, for one moment, be forgotten. "Can a woman forget her sucking child? Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget." The righteous will be graven upon the palms of His hands.

2. To be in everlasting remembrance is to be eternally in God's great heart of affections. On the righteous He pours a flood of His love. Never, no, never, can He cease to love them. Nothing can withdraw His affections from them. "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate them from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

3. To be in everlasting remembrance is to be eternally in God's presence. What particular part of the universe He will furnish for a home we are not informed. The locality of heaven, the paradise of God, the mansions of rest, is not given us in the sacred Scriptures. They tell us there are such places, and for whom they are prepared, viz., saints and angels, and that the righteous shall dwell in them for ever and ever.

4. To be in everlasting remembrance is to be eternally supported by him. The sacred books of the Bible only hint at what may be needed for their support. John, the Revelator, says: "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month." And in another chapter he writes: "And white robes were given unto every

one of them." This is figurative language, but figures have a deep and impressive meaning.

5. To be in everlasting remembrance is to be eternally protected by God. Just what protection is needed for the righteous does not readily appear. It cannot, for a moment, be supposed that in the future world dangers beset our paths, or that any evils will overtake the righteous. They are safe, protected by His Almighty power. His omnipotent hand will hold them up.

6. To be in everlasting remembrance is to be, perhaps, nearer Christ's throne eternally than any or all the holy angels of heaven. These angels never sinned, never needed the pardoning mercy of a crucified Redeemer. St. Paul writes in his first epistle to the Corinthians: "Know ye not that we shall judge angels," which seems to imply we shall in some sense be superior to the holy angels of heaven. Hence the poet sings:

> "Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—
> The newborn peace of sin forgiven!
> Tears of such pure and sweet delight,
> Ye angels! never dimmed your sight."

7. To be in everlasting remembrance is to be eternally in the best society of the universe of God. The archangel Michael, Gabriel, all the holy angels, the cherubim and the seraphim, together with all the redeemed, from Abel down the long stream of time, and all the ransomed who now live, or ever will live, will compose that happy, holy, glorified society. There, oh, there will be the righteous. There, oh,

there is our dearly beloved Brother Sherman. Could the curtain be removed, and we look in, what rapturous delight would thrill our souls! What overpowering joy would fill our minds! For aught I know, we should like to hasten our flight to join that holy, happy throng. Well, my dear hearers, we may, if righteous, be nearer that glorious society than we are aware. There may be but a step between us and death. The angel may already be summoned to cut the brittle thread of life. Oh, may we see to it that we are ready, all ready, for the summons.

8. Finally, to be in everlasting remembrance is to be eternally in happiness, in bliss. Blissfulness will thrill every faculty of the mind, the intellect, the sensibilities, and the will. The glorified body, after the morning of the resurrection, will also be full of happiness. Such joy, such delight, is unknown on earth. Our earthly bodies are often full of death, sorrow, misery, pain. These, in the new body, will never be known. But unspeakable felicity will take possession of our entire being. In this life it is difficult for our minds to grasp the blessedness of heaven. But as it is written: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

In review, what lessons do we learn?

1. We may know if we are righteous. Have we their character? Are we doing their works?

2. We may know if we are not righteous. We shall not have their character, nor do their works.

3. We see, although faintly, the glorious, unspeakable destiny of the righteous. Pen cannot describe it, nor pencil throw it on the canvas. With our lively imagination we can see Brother Sherman in the Holy City, walking its streets with a crown of glory on his head studded with dazzling gems, sparkling like the sun's brilliant rays, clothed with the celestial robe of righteousness, more glorious than language can picture, chanting to his infinite Redeemer heavenly pæans, loud hallelujahs, sweet doxologies, with saints and angels making the arches of heaven ring. Oh! how soon, how soon, if righteous, we shall join him, and then!

Press Notices

Notices of the Press.

BEFORE and after Mr. Sherman died, many references to him appeared in the New England papers. As indicating the impression which he made upon those outside of his own immediate circle of relatives and friends, we make below a few selections.

[From *The Advertiser*, Providence, R. I., after his retirement from the *Pendulum*.]

It is with very melancholy emotions of heart that we sit down to write a paragraph or two recording the retirement of William N. Sherman, Esq., from the proprietorship and management of *The Rhode Island Pendulum*, published at East Greenwich for so long a period, and so well known as a very ably conducted and most respectable and excellent family newspaper. *The Pendulum* was originally started by Mr. Sherman about twenty-three years ago, and has been owned and steadily conducted by him ever since, with very good success. *The Woonsocket Patriot* was also originally started by Mr. Sherman, who conducted it for about nine years, when he was afflicted with a long period of sickness and disposed of that paper to its present publisher. His subsequent residence in East Greenwich proved every way healthful to him, and he has long been

held in the highest estimation there as a man of excellent general intelligence, fine business capacity, irreproachable character and large-hearted Christian benevolence.

Mr. Sherman's first enterprise as an editor and proprietor was the publication of *The Ladies' Mirror*, which he started at Southbridge, Mass., about the year 1831; and we are happy to be able to state that such has ever been his prudence, judicious management, persevering industry and honorable conduct, that he now retires from business not only "with all his blushing honors thick upon him," but also with a very handsome amount of "real and personal." If we had his note at six per cent. for fifty, seventy-five or a hundred thousand dollars, we should feel that we were "very well fixed."

We have said that it made us feel sad to record the retirement of Mr. Sherman from *The Pendulum*, and the reason is that we have been in the habit, for a long time, of meeting him often, every week, in the office of *The General Advertiser*, and have learned to "like his ways," as the saying is. He has always proved to be a most affable gentleman as well as a most diligent and methodical business man.

(From *The Advertiser and Gazette* of Providence, after his death.)

A good man—a thoroughly upright, intelligent, respected, successful business man, and a consistent Christian man—has departed, and Rhode Island has lost another of her excellent citizens. William N. Sherman, one of the old master-printers of the State,

the original proprietor of *The Woonsocket Patriot*, and subsequently of *The East Greenwich Pendulum*, died on the 2d instant, in Rutland, Vt., at the ripe age of seventy-three.

In this office—the old office of A. Crawford Greene & Son—Mr. Sherman was familiarly known as "Uncle William," he being the uncle of the late lamented senior partner. But so much was he liked by all the old employees, who had been here for so many years, that they all claimed him as uncle. His last paper, *The Rhode Island Pendulum*, he had printed in this office up to the time when he sold it to its present proprietor; and as we were accustomed to seeing him more or less every week for a long period, we learned to esteem him very highly. He was always very pleasant and sociable and often quite jocular; and although we had not, of late, seen much of him, since he retired from business, we still find it hard to realize that he has gone for all time.

He was a well-informed, sagacious man, who had been about our country considerably, and always had much to say that was interesting and instructive. He was a man of high and firm moral and religious principles, and no one was ever more honorable in the fulfillment of all obligations. Being a practical and good printer, he liked to work over his paper, and did more or less, every week, in the way of what is technically called "making-up." Rather unexpectedly to us, however, he finally sold out *The Rhode Island Pendulum* and retired—as, indeed,

he might well have done long before, for he had accumulated a decidedly handsome property.

Although Mr. Sherman was entirely successful with *The Patriot* at Woonsocket, he told us once that he never was well there. Something about the climate of the place did not seem to agree with him; and after a severe fit of sickness he decided to go to East Greenwich. Here, for many years, he enjoyed good health, and here, we may say, he was greatly esteemed and respected. He was a worthy member of the Baptist Church there, and built, at his own cost, what is known as the Marlboro Chapel. Whether this was given by him, in his lifetime, or whether it has been willed, to any society, we are unable to say. Mr. Sherman leaves a widow and a married daughter, an only child; and, as we learn, he possessed real and personal estate to a very considerable amount.

(From *The Boston Globe.*)

He was a journalist of conservative views and was ever the advocate of all that tended to the improvement of those around him and the furtherance of the principles of justice, humanity and benevolence. A man of benevolent and religious impulses, he sought the good of his fellow man in acts of useful benevolence. He was one of the founders of the Free Library in 1867, and, associated with Governor Green, was one of its liberal benefactors, and contributed to the fund for the erection of a handsome library building. Among his last public acts was a

contribution of one hundred volumes to its already large collection. Honoring religion in all its forms, he had his own peculiar ideas upon creeds and tenets,—tending to liberality of religious opinion. In accordance with his views and the promptings of a benevolent nature the Marlboro Street Chapel of East Greenwich was erected in 1872 at the sole expense of Mr. Sherman at a cost of $5,000. In 1874 an Independent Baptist Church was organized of open communion. The pulpit has been regularly supplied by various ministers of evangelical denomination, and the Sunday-school and library have been supported almost entirely by Mr. Sherman. The sittings are free, and at this chapel all can worship whenever they choose free of expense, in all accordance with the invitation given at its dedication: "Whosoever will may come."

He was a member of Harmony Lodge of Odd Fellows, and for several years a prominent member of the order in Rhode Island. Thus closes a useful life full of good deeds, and an industry that brought to him comfort and ease in the sunset of life, and left to the generations that shall follow a wholesome example.

(From *The Rhode Island Pendulum.*)

Mr. Sherman was a man of strong prejudices, but possessed sterling traits of character. He was a man of marked individuality, condemning what he conceived to be wrong. He became united with the Baptist Church at Woonsocket in 1838, but

previously had induced a goodly number of children of the village who seemed to need moral and religious instruction to assemble in the old Red Schoolhouse, where he conducted a Sunday-school that was afterward transferred to the Baptist Church. After his removal to East Greenwich, with a true missionary spirit he incorporated those benevolent impulses which prompted him, about the year 1872, to buy a notorious rookery at the corner of Long and Marlboro Streets and erect on the spot a chapel where there has been preaching since, with free seats, a flourishing Sunday school being connected with it, while the whole has been mainly sustained by the bounty of the subject of this sketch.

(From *The Providence Press.*)

He was the liberal patron of every good work in East Greenwich, and his effort to lift up the lower classes of society in that place deserve the most unqualified commendation. That these might have a place of worship where they would feel entirely at home, he erected the Marlboro Street Chapel at his own cost, and sustained the greater part of the expense of supplying the pulpit for many years. He was kindly, great-hearted, and the friend of everybody who deserved friendship.

(From *The Providence Journal.*)

William N. Sherman, of East Greenwich, died Thursday, in Rutland, Vt., aged seventy-three years Mr. Sherman was the founder of *The Woonsocket Pa-*

triot, and subsequently started *The Rhode Island Pendulum* which he conducted for many years. Mr. Sherman was a plain, upright, conscientious man, whose daily life was devoid of reproach, and whose labors were modestly, but earnestly and intelligently, devoted to the elevation and improvement of his fellow men.

(From *The Vermont Baptist.*)

An indefatigable worker for God, his country, and his fellow men.

He was greatly esteemed and respected. He was a worthy member of the Baptist Church, and built, at his own cost, what is known as the Marlboro Chapel. Mr. Sherman leaves a widow and a married daughter, an only child; and, as we learn, he possessed real and personal estate to a very considerable amount.

Odes, Poems and Hymns.

Odes, Poems and Hymns.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM N. SHERMAN, ON DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

Ode.

Prepared for a Fourth of July Celebration in Southbridge, Mass., 1832.

All hail to the day whose triumph was bright!
And hail to fair freedom, emerging to light,
Reflecting the brilliant escutcheons of fame,
From darkness, which shrouded America's name.

Its lustre has circled the brow of the brave,
And deck'd with green laurels the patriot's grave,
Has braided its garland of vict'ry and peace,
And lightened the footsteps of time in its pace.

With songs and with honors let us now entwine
A wreath of thanksgiving for gifts so divine;
Let hearts bright with gladness and glory rebound,
Generations to come shall echo the sound.

Proclaim to the world our fifty-sixth morn,
Since the birth of our freedom—our new world was born;
We're joyful, we're free, Independence still claim,
And proud of our country we boast of our name.

"United we stand, divided we fall,"
"*E Pluribus Unum*," America's all—
United in bonds of affection and peace,
May wisdom, and science, and virtue increase.

Oh, thus be it ever, and triumph long wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave;
Preserve us, defend us, oh, Power Supreme,
All glory and honor we give to thy name.

Hymn.

Written for the Same Occasion.

Hail, Freedom! long with us abide—
For thee our fathers lived and died—
Thou art our boasted song and pride—
Thou art our glowing fame.
Years have fled since bold hearts high
Beat to the sound, "Our Country;"
Swore that they'd live free, or die,
And crush the oppressor's name.

That proud oath, where war-smoke curled,
They redeemed, and then unfurled
Their banner to the western world—
"Union and Liberty."
Banner of the sainted dead,
Wave in triumph o'er their bed
Whom thy folds to vict'ry led,
To immortality.

Loud, long applaud each hero's name,
And sing their deeds of deathless fame,
Their struggle with oppression's flame,
Their many a pain and toil!
For us in war-pomp, proud arrayed,
They boldly fought, they bravely bled—
Their sons to freedom they have led,
Upon the war-ground's soil.

Then let Columbia's sons rejoice,
Let music burst from every voice,
And sound the glory of our choice,
Our blest America.
Let poor old England cry "Reform,"
We care not for the impending storm.
We'll fortify in every form
For Liberty's array.

Hymn.

Written for The Monthly Harvester, 1841.

Ye Stars! Ye Stars!

Ye stars, ye stars, ye burning stars—
Ye heavenly hosts of light—
Set round in glorious diadems
For heaven and earth's delight.
Say, are ye the tapers round the throne
That shone on Bethlehem's plain
When the only Son of God was born,
And angels sang, "Amen!"

Yes; there ye shine, and there have shone,
E'en since creation's birth;
And there forever still may shine,
'Till a new heaven and earth;
And when old things are passed away,
And truth and error sever,
When by the throne of your own God,
The saints shall shine forever.

O blessed stars!—since time began,
Your glory beamed as bright;
The patriarchs and prophets found
In ye much sweet delight.

The same our fathers looked upon—
Our father's fathers praised—
Are the very stars that still shine on,
Above our fathers' graves.

And so 'twill be when we are gone—
Ye'll twinkle still as bright;
And morning stars together sing,
As at creation's light.
When earth and heaven dissolve and fly,
And ye shall "fall" away,
The stars of God's eternity
Shall make eternal day.

Hymn.

Written for The Monthly Harvester, 1841.

"That Fadeth Not Away."

Oh! who would always live on earth
Where sorrows ever rise?
Where cloud on cloud of anguish comes
Across our brightest skies?
Where gnawing cares are ever fresh,
And pain oft fills the breast?
Oh, know ye not, ye earthly ones,
This is no place of rest?

Oh, who would barter gems of bliss,
And joys that never tire,
For earth's best glories, mutable,
Which bloom but to expire?
Oh, who would brave life's scathing storms,
Without a hope in heaven?
There fadeth not away THAT hope,
If sinners are forgiven.

Then seek not wealth and pleasure here,
Beneath a changeful sky,
Where love grows cold, and friendships ebb,
And bosom friends must die;
But treasure deep within the heart,
A mansion bright and fair,
For there immutable, unfading bliss
Is—there, and ONLY THERE.

Ode.

Prepared for the Fourth of July Celebration at Wickford, 1843.

'Tis Freedom's natal day—
A nation's jubilee;—
And here our festival we pay,
Sweet Liberty, to thee!

Let tuneful shouts arise,
From every heart and voice;
Let pæans reach the upper skies,
And echo back, "Rejoice."

Nor king's nor tyrant's power,
Nor monarch's haughty sway,
Can dim the glory of the hour
We consecrate to-day.

The king upon his throne,
Rules with oppression's rod;
But *we* no king or sovereign own,
Save the Eternal God.

Let tuneful shouts arise,
From every heart and voice;
Let pæans reach the upper skies,
And echo back, "Rejoice."

Hymn.

Written for the Same Occasion.

Eternal God ! to thee we bend,
Our fathers' God, our fathers' friend ;
To thee our grateful voices raise,
In humble hope and solemn praise.

Thy hand sustained each bleeding breast
When by a tyrant's power oppress'd,
And when upon the battle-field,
Thou wert their strength, and thou their shield.

Thy mighty arm was bared to save
Our fathers from oppression's grave ;
And we, their sons, are pledged to be
Heirs of their immortality.

Departed sires ! we sing thy fame !
Thy valor and thy deathless name,
Thy banner waves yet, sainted dead !
In triumph o'er your silent bed !

Forever wave that banner high
Through every arch of Freedom's sky ;
And *ever* may our banner be
Inscribed "To God and Liberty !"

Hymn.

Prepared for the Centennial Celebration at Greenwich, Fourth of July, 1876.

Eternal God ! to Thee we raise,
In humble thanks and solemn praise,
Our heart and voice before Thy throne,
For blessings of a century gone.

When our young nation was oppressed,
Thine arm sustained in our distress,
And when upon the battle-field
Thou wert our strength, and Thou our shield.

A hundred years have passed away,
And on this hundredth natal day
The banner of our sainted dead
Floats in rich folds above our head.

Forever wave that banner high,
Through every arch of Freedom's sky,
And North and South, and East and West,
In Union be forever blest.

Then God's right hand shall shade our fears
And bless the coming hundred years ;
And Freedom from her mountain height
Proclaim aloud that *right is might.*

A century hence ! We shall be gone !
But generations yet unborn
May float the flag—may voices raise,
And sing again Centennial praise.

Hymn.

Written for a Sabbath-school Concert.

What did Jesus Say?

Jesus in the temple with the doctors wise,
Asking wondrous questions, giving wise replies ;
When His parents found him, seeking night and day
Jesus in the temple, what did Jesus say ?

Luke, ii. 49.

Jesus at the Jordan, coming unto John,
That He might baptize him, the beloved son ;
When John from His purpose sought to turn away,
Jesus at the Jordan, what did Jesus say ?

Matt. iii. 15.

At the well of Jacob, resting by its brink,
Bidding the Samaritan give to Him to drink,
When she asked of Jesus where men ought to pray,
At the well of Jacob, what did Jesus say ?

John, iv. 21, 23.

On the sea of Galilee, when the storm was high,
"Save us, Lord, we perish ! " His disciples cry,
While they marvel greatly as the winds obey,
On the sea of Galilee, what did Jesus say ?

att. viii. 26.

Coming into Bethany, meeting full of gloom
Martha mourning Lazarus lying in the tomb ;
Of the resurrection and the last great day,
Coming into Bethany, what did Jesus say ?

John, xi. 25, 26.

Weeping o'er Jerusalem, city of the king,
Whom He would have gathered 'neath his loving wing,
Mourning for her children, going all astray,
Weeping o'er Jerusalem, what did Jesus say ?

Matt. xxiii. 37.

At the Lord's last supper, ere He went to die,
In that upper chamber, as the end drew nigh,
When He gently told them He must go away,
At the sacramental supper, what did Jesus say ?

John, xiv. 2.

In the dark Gethsemane His disciples slept,
While, exceeding sorrowful, Jesus prayed and wept,
When He found them sleeping who should watch and pray,
In the dark Gethsemane, what did Jesus say ?

Luke, xxii. 45, 46.

From the Mount of Calvary, on the cross of woe,
Seeing the three Marys, they who loved Him so,
To the dear disciples ere he went away,
On the Mount of Calvary, what did Jesus say?

John, xix. 26, 27.

From the cross of sorrow, ere His soul went up,
As He drank the fullness of the bitter cup,
Looking on His enemies, in their dark array,
On the cross of sorrow, what did Jesus say?

Luke, xxiii. 34.

At His home in Heaven, in the world above,
Where the little children learn His wondrous love,
And their sins forgiven on that blessed day,
At His home in Heaven, what will Jesus say?

Matt. xxv. 34.

Hymn.

Written for a Sabbath-school Concert.

HEAVEN.

THERE'LL be no night in Heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For Heaven's work is love.

There is no grief in Heaven,
For life is one glad day,
And tears belong to former things
Which long have passed away.

There'll be no want in Heaven,
Hunger and thirst no more
Shall reach the followers of the Lamb
On that celestial shore.

There'll be no sin in Heaven ;
Behold that blessed throng
All holy in their spotless robes !
And holy is their song.

There'll be no death in Heaven,
For they who gain that shore
Have put on immortality
And they will die no more.

[The following lines were suggested by a thrilling scene which recently transpired in our vicinity. A man was run over by a train of cars and had both legs cut off, and in a dying state was taken to his home. His little daughter, who, though very young, had been taught in the Sunday-school that without repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ there could be no admission into heaven, realized the situation of her dear father, and bursting into tears entreated him to pray. It was too late for audible prayer, but it is hoped that he found peace and Heaven.]

PRAY ! PAPA, PRAY !

PRAY, papa, pray ! oh, quickly pray !
Heed, heed thy little daughter's cry ;
Thine end is near—pray, papa, pray !
This day, dear papa, thou must die.

Pray, papa, pray ! 'tis not too late ;
Oh, haste to have thy sins forgiven ;
Jesus is ready to receive,
And save thy soul this day in Heaven.

Oh, Jesus ! love my papa dear,
And gently wash his sins away ;
Oh, fit him for a heavenly home
Where we may meet—pray, papa, pray !

A moment more—the spirit fled,
And bitter silence reigned that day ;
The child still lingered near the dead,
And asked in vain—Did papa pray ?

S.